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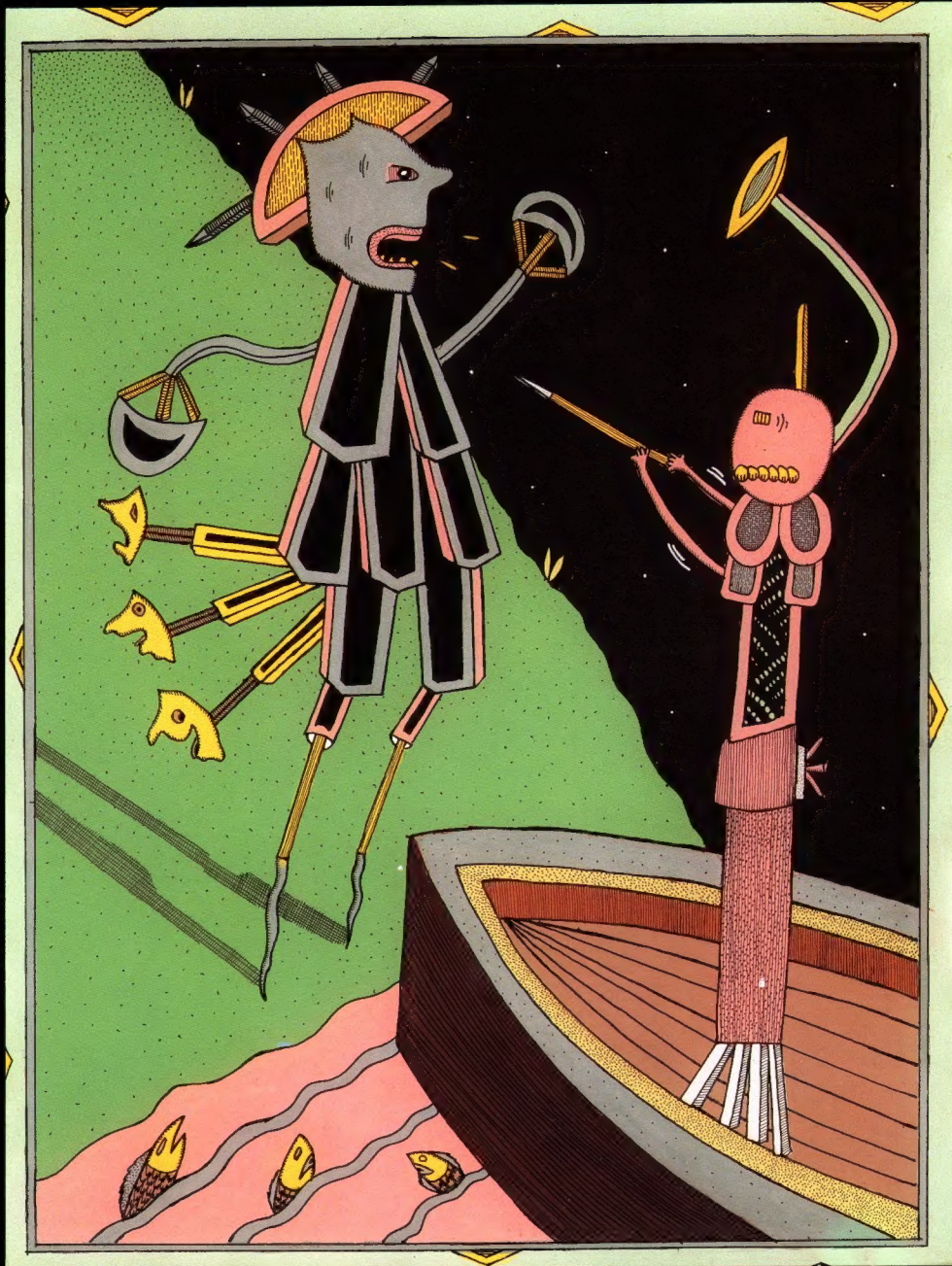
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FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

SNAKE EYES



Pictures and Words for Grown-Up Gentlemen and Ladies



SNAKE

EYES #3

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THE FUCKING THING BIT ME!

By Erik Davis

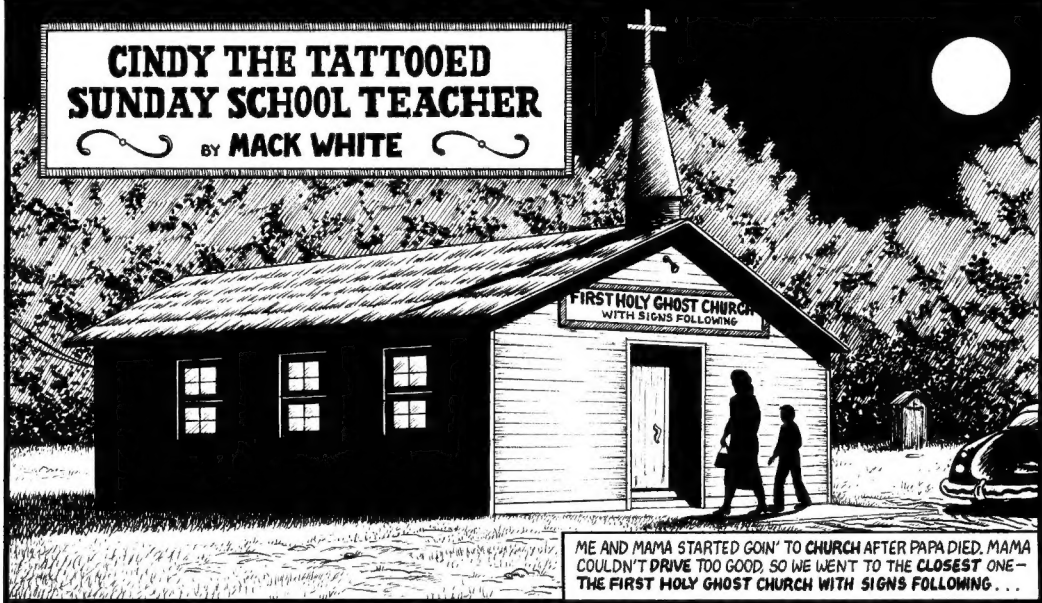
Every rodent knows: snake eyes freeze you in your tracks. There you are, schlepping back to your moldy hole clutching a six-pack, a baggie, a tape of *2000 Maniacs*, and three out-of-print Charles Willeford novels you scammed from some gutter nomad for a buck. Then this scaly serpent rises up from an open man-hole, all splendid and necromantic and hissing like the crusty radiators that heat the hovels underground comic writers call home. The beast's eyes catch your own with a flash of flesh, a hint of the hipness that only nebulous pacts and poor lifestyle choices can win, and you're hypnotized: frozen in a delirious haze illuminated only by the smoky lights they warned you about in the Tibetan Book of the Dead. The cutting-edge teeth sink into your fur, the inky fluid flows into your veins, and your mind is invaded by the incantatory hieroglyphs of the comic art, word balloons filled with nitrous, talking tattoos that grip both butt-cheeks of your brain.

First you giggle as the husks of funnybook tradition — *Blondie* and EC and detective strips — are body-snatched by the people your parents warned you about. Then the creatures that lurk in the everyday tromp in: child molesters, fundies, unwanted babies, crass capitalists, junkies, fools. The viper leads you through the sewer pipes of the collective subconscious, into a world of greasy cafes, boggy backlots, stale old age homes, and sticky discos. The grand carnival of ghost-gods and devils and sad-sack comedians. Hordes of animals surround you, the totem spirits of our slack and sinking tribes, only the animals have all gone foul: butt-fucking rats, porno monkeys, mutant wiggle-woggles. The stable structures of the day start to chip and crack, and you're watching a trailer for the millennium's greatest disaster flick, the blockbuster bender just around the corner. But just when you're gearing for that final Poseidon Adventure, that last binge and purge, the snake slides its tail into its mouth and begins to suck and swallow. In a flash you recall its gnostic name — Ouroboros — and you know now that the end-timers are always just beginning, ever and on and on, underworld without end.



CINDY THE TATTOOED SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER

BY MACK WHITE



ME AND MAMA STARTED GOIN' TO CHURCH AFTER PAPA DIED. MAMA COULDN'T DRIVE TOO GOOD, SO WE WENT TO THE CLOSEST ONE—THE FIRST HOLY GHOST CHURCH WITH SIGNS FOLLOWING...

AT FIRST, BROTHER HARRIS WAS THE PREACHER. HE ALWAYS PREACHED A HELLFIRE-AND-BRIMSTONE SERMON...

THE LORD SEES EVERY-
THING YOU DO...



YOU CAN'T HIDE FROM HIM! HE SEES INSIDE THE HONKY-TONKS! HE SEES INSIDE THE POOL HALLS! HE SEES INSIDE THE PORN SHOPS, THE MOTEL ROOMS, THE RESTROOMS—



—ALL THE PLACES WHERE FOLKS THINK THEY CAN GO DO THEIR SINNIN' IN PRIVATE!

WHY, THE LORD CAN SEE INSIDE YOUR MIND! YOU SO MUCH AS THINK A SINFUL THOUGHT AND, FRIEND, YOU'RE KISSIN' ETERNAL DAMNATION!



AMEN!

TELL IT, BROTHER!

I REMEMBER THE NIGHT MAMA FIRST GOT THE HOLY SPIRIT. IT HAPPENED DURING THE ALTAR CALL. SHE JUST SUDDENLY STOOD UP AND WENT TO SPEAKING IN TONGUES...

MOMBALA-SHONDALIO-MONDALIO-
MONSHALIO-MON-DAAA...



...THEN SHE WENT UP FRONT AND FELL ON THE FLOOR. SHE LAY THERE SHAKING WHILE BROTHER HARRIS LAID HANDS ON HER...

RELEASE THIS WOMAN, SATAN,
AND LET HER GO!

MOMBALA-BOM-
BOMBALA...



THE CHURCH GAVE ME THE CREEPS AT FIRST, ESPECIALLY WHEN THEY'D GO TO HANDLING SNAKES...



BUT LATER I GOT USED TO IT, AND IT GAVE ME A GOOD FEELING TO BE THERE, EVER'BODY WAS ALWAYS SO HAPPY AND FULL OF LOVE FOR THE LORD...



SISTER CINDY STARTED COMING TO THE CHURCH A FEW MONTHS AFTER WE DID. I'LL NEVER FORGET THE FIRST TIME SHE TESTIFIED...

I'D LIKE TO THANK THE LORD FOR THE PRIVILEGE OF BEING HERE TONIGHT...



"WHY, IF IT WEREN'T FOR HIS INFINITE GRACE AND GOODNESS, I'D BE DEAD AND IN HELL RIGHT NOW. YOU SEE, I WAS RAISED A GOOD CHRISTIAN GIRL, BUT I BACKSLID BAD WHEN I FELL IN LOVE WITH A MAN WHO WORKED THE CIRCUS..."



"HE WAS WHAT THEY CALL A 'TALKER' FOR THE FREAK SHOW. TALKING WAS WHAT HE DID BEST, YOU SEE. HE TALKED PEOPLE OUT OF THEIR MONEY--AND HE TALKED ME OUT OF MY VIRTUE..."

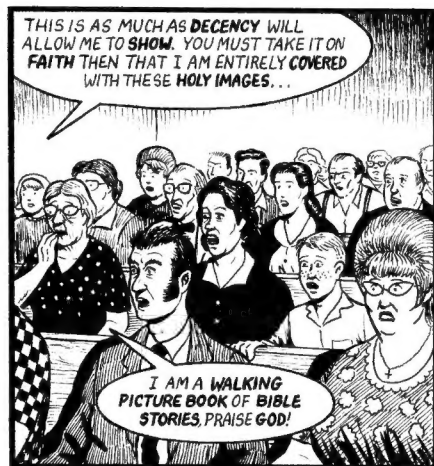
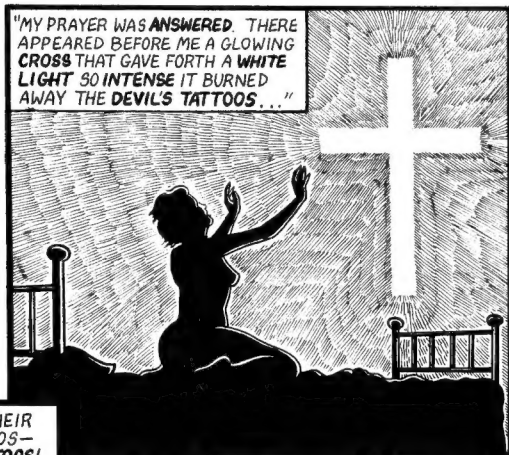
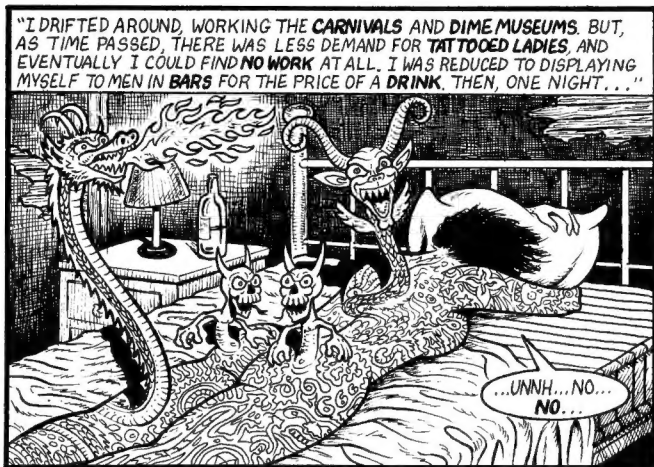


"AT FIRST, I HAD SOME NAIVE NOTION THAT I COULD CHANGE HIM, BUT IT WAS HE WHO CHANGED ME. I JOINED THE CIRCUS AS A TICKET-TAKER JUST TO BE WITH HIM, AND UNDER HIS BAD INFLUENCE TOOK TO DRINKING AND USING DOPE. IT GOT SO I'D DO ANYTHING HE SAID. SO WHEN HE TOLD ME THEY NEEDED A NEW TATTOOED LADY FOR THE SHOW..."



"...I ALLOWED THE TEMPLE OF MY BODY TO BE DEFILED WITH THE DEVIL'S TATTOOS--AND DISPLAYED MY SHAME TO ANYBODY FOR THE PRICE OF ADMISSION..."

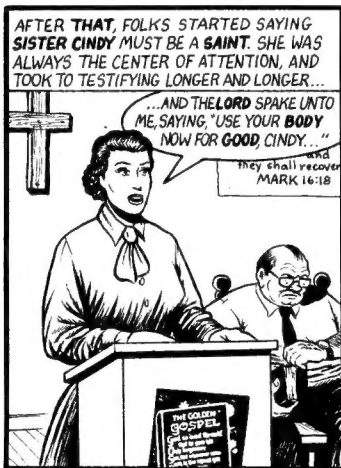
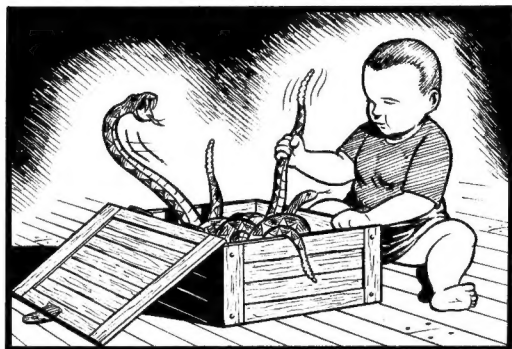




IT SHOCKED EVERYBODY WHEN SISTER CINDY SHOWED HER TATTOOS. ME, I WAS AMAZED, 'CUZ I'D NEVER SEEN A MIRACLE BEFORE. 'COURSE, THEY WAS SOME DOUBTING THOMASES DIDN'T THINK IT WAS A REAL MIRACLE. BUT THEY SHUT UP REAL QUICK THE NIGHT SISTER CINDY HEALED LITTLE BOBBY BUGGY. IT HAPPENED LIKE THIS: BOBBY WANDERED OFF FROM HIS MAMA DURING SERVICE AND GOT INTO THE SNAKE BOX, WHICH BROTHER HARRIS HAD FORGOT TO LOCK...

DIDN'T NOBODY NOTICE, THEY WAS ALL SO BUSY DANCING IN THE SPIRIT. BUT SISTER CINDY SURE NOTICED...

THAT SNAKE BIT LITTLE BOBBY!



OTHERS STOPPED COMING TOO. THEY DIDN'T LIKE THE CHANGES SISTER CINDY WAS MAKING, BUT THEY WAS ONLY A FEW—AND, ANYWAY, LIKE SISTER CINDY SAID...

WE'RE BETTER OFF WITHOUT THEM. THEY WERE LIKE WEEDS THAT HAD TO BE GOTTEN RID OF SO THAT GOD'S GARDEN CAN GROW.



YOU ARE GOD'S GARDEN—YOU ARE THE ELECT—YOU ARE THE ONES HE HATH CHOSEN TO HEAR MY SECRET TEACHINGS...



...THE TIME NOW IS RIGHT...

BEHOLD...IN HOLY POVERTY I STAND BEFORE YOU. YET I AM NOT REALLY NAKED, FOR I AM CLOTHED IN THE LORD'S TATTOOS...



...AND THAT IS A RAIMENT FINER THAN ANY SILK. IT IS THE WORD OF GOD IN PICTURES, DRAWN BY HIS OWN HAND IN MY FLESH. THUS, I AM THE WORD—THE WORD AGAIN MADE FLESH!

I AM THE FEMALE CHRIST—THE NEW EVE!



JESUS, THE MALE CHRIST, REDEEMED HUMANITY FROM THE FALL. THUS, HE IS CALLED THE NEW ADAM...



...YET THIS REDEMPTION WAS ONLY PARTIAL. FOR IT TO BE COMPLETE, THE WORD MUST NOW INCARNATE AS A WOMAN—AS THE NEW EVE. AND SO I HAVE COME...



AS TIME PASSED, **SISTER CINDY** GAVE MANY **SIGNS** THAT SHE **WAS** WHAT SHE SAID SHE **WAS**. SHE **HEALED**, SHE **PROPHESIED**, AND SHE **HANDLED** A **MONSTROUS BIG SNAKE**...



SISTER CINDY FREED US FROM **SHAME**. SHE TAUGHT US THAT **DANCIN' NEKKID'** IS A GREATER SIGN OF **HOLINESS** THAN **TALKIN' IN TONGUES** AND **SNAKEHANDLIN'** 'CAUSE IT SHOWS YOU'VE RETURNED TO THE **INNOCENCE OF EDEN**. WE **WAS** **HAPPY**. THEN ONE NIGHT THE **DOOR OPENED** AND...

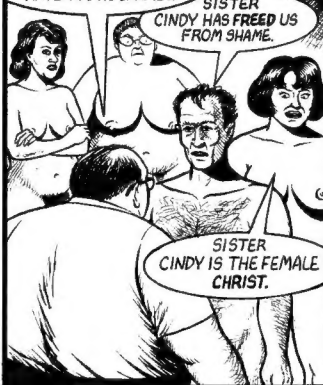


SATAN, I REBUKE YOU!



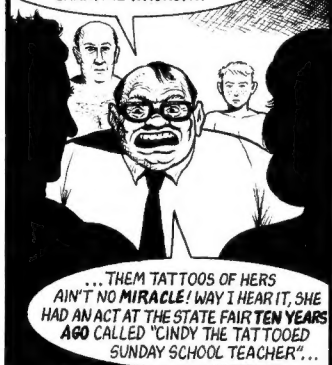
GOODLORD, IT'S EVEN **WORSE** THAN I **THOUGHT!** HAVE YOU **NO SHAME?!**

SISTER CINDY HAS FREED US FROM **SHAME**.



SISTER CINDY IS THE **FEMALE CHRIST**.

WELL, I DONE SOME CHECKIN' ON YOUR **'FEMALE CHRIST'**, AND SHE **AIN'T** **NOTHIN'** BUT A **CHEAP CARNIVAL WHORE!**...



...THEM **TATTOOS** OF **HERS** **AIN'T** NO **MIRACLE!** WAY I **HEAR** IT, SHE **HAD** AN **ACT** AT THE **STATE FAIR** **TEN YEARS AGO** CALLED **"CINDY THE TATTOOED SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER"**...

SISTER CINDY HAD **PROPHESIED** THAT **BROTHER HARRIS** WOULD **COME BACK** AND **TRY** TO **LEAD** US **ASTRAY**, SO WE **WAS** **READY** FOR HIM...



...WHY, THAT **ACT** WAS TOO **FILTHY** AND **BLASPHEMOUS** EVEN FOR THE **STATE FAIR!** THEY-

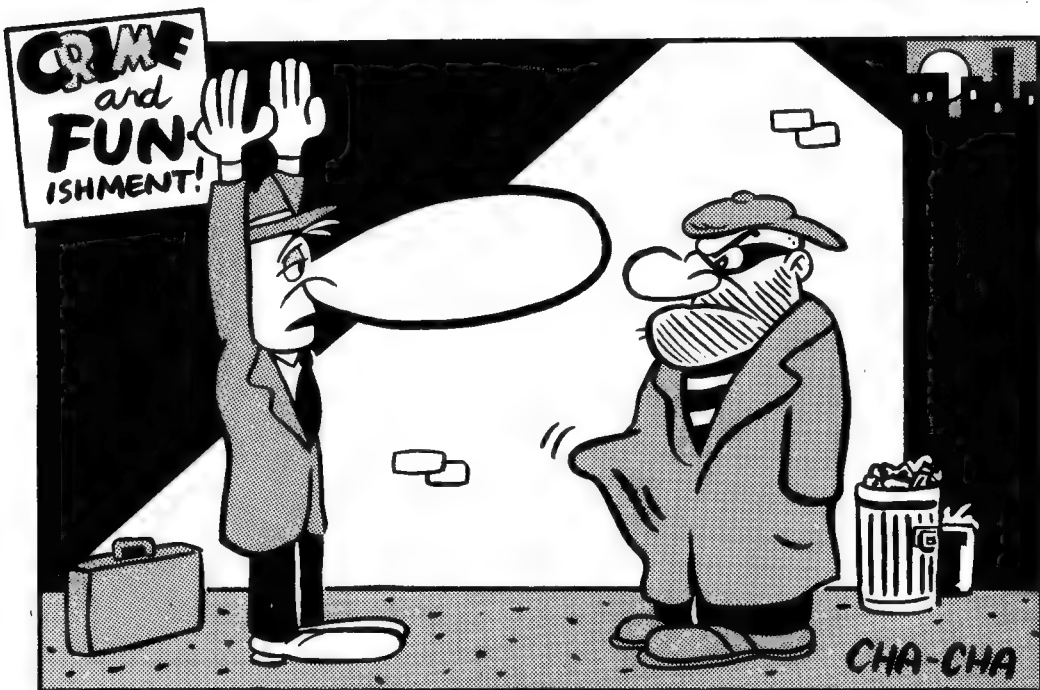


I **FETCHED** HIM A **GOOD WHACK** **UPSIDE** THE **HEAD** WHICH **KNOCKED** HIM **OUT COLD**. THEN WE **CARRIED** HIM **OUT BACK** AND **TIED** HIM TO A **POST**. WHEN HE **CAME** TO, HE **WENT** TO **PRAYIN'** AND **SINGIN'** **HYMNS** TO **TRY** TO **FOOL** US **INTO** **THINKIN'** HE **WEREN'T** A **DEVIL**-WHICH HE **WAS**...



NEWGARDEN

➡ hurrah!

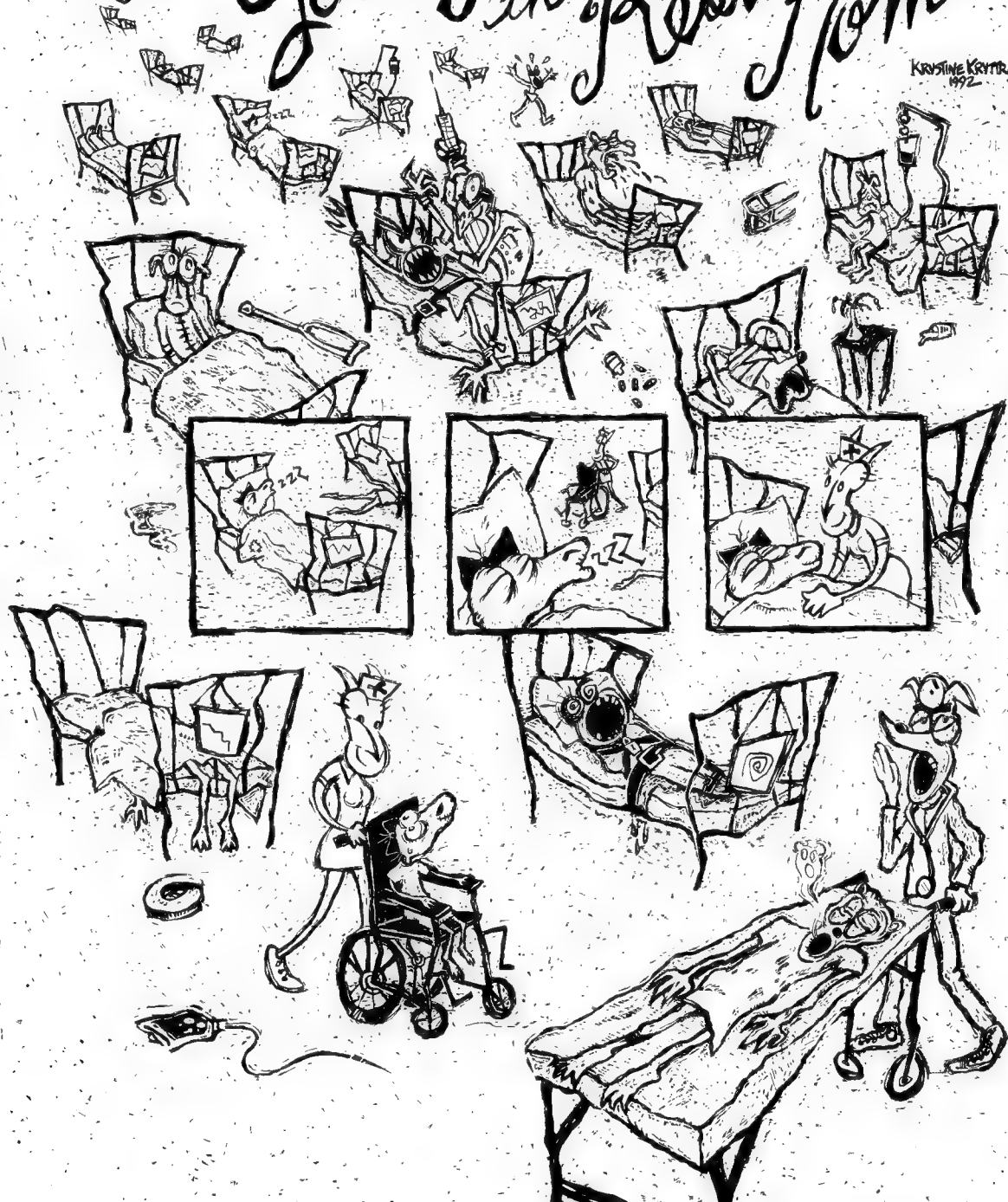


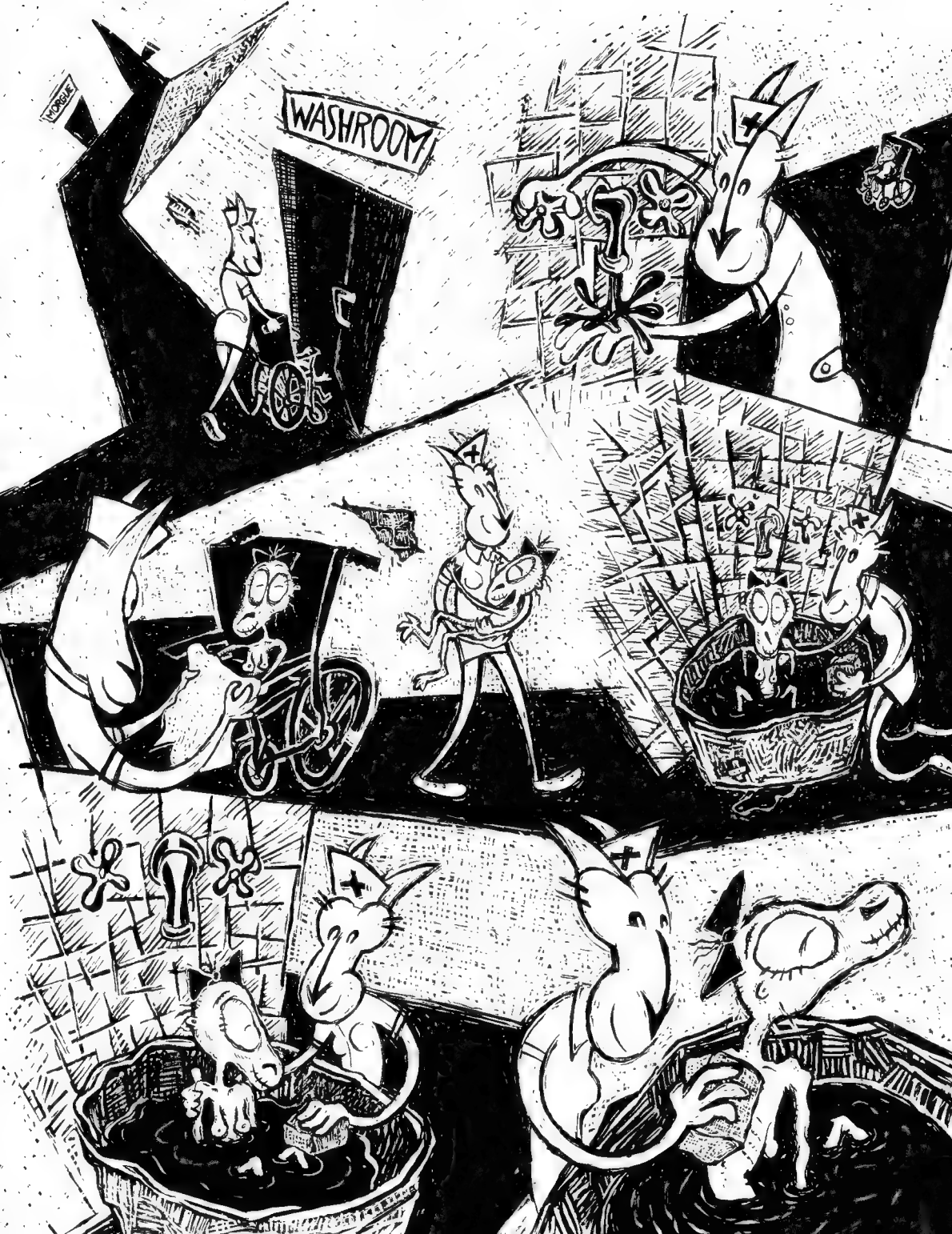
"Don't get me started. I'm so tired of the whole thing. 'Cutting edge!' I'm so sick of hearing about the 'cutting edge!' 'Cutting edge!' 'Cutting edge!' Exactly what is this phrase referring to? Knives? Razor blades? Are we all going to be like kitchen utensils in the future? The first time I ever heard about the 'cutting edge' was in 1975. I was in art school. My friend, Neal, introduced me to this girl, Cherisse, who was very, very 'cutting edge'. She had this long twisted green and red thing on the top of her head. Ten years later I found out it was her hair. Cherisse was a 'performance artist'. God, those were magical words in 1975. You had to hang out with one 'performance artist' or you were NOWHERE NEAR the 'cutting edge'. Cherisse...god, I was hooked. She did a 'piece' where she talked about growing up on Long Island, fighting with her boyfriend, having her period, and then she fondled herself with a wheel of Monterey Jack. And this was in 1975. She was THE, MISS, 'Cutting Edge'. She would walk around the halls, dressed in black, scowling. She was a goddess... Well, before you knew it EVERYBODY was doing the exact same schtick. EVERYBODY was clamoring to be 'cutting edge'. So she quit. What else could she do? Switch to Gouda? She wasn't 'cutting edge' anymore. all the girls were dressed in black doing 'pieces' with various cheese of the world. She wound up marrying some guy who worked with tropical fish. Somewhere on Long Island. She's got twins. Don't get me wrong, though. I'm a supporter of the Arts. I donate \$15 every time PBS runs a special on Brancusi. But this cutting edge business...I've got another guy they call 'cutting edge'. This guy's 19 years old. A painter. He's been 'cutting edge' for 16 months now. He's been painting for a year. He paints great big, huge canvases with little pictures of Babar. And this guy's got 16 dozen lawyers and dealers and god knows what else sniffing after him, dousing him with money, proclaiming him 'cutting edge'. He gets his picture in Artforum, scowling, plus Details and 16 zillion Japanese magazines. Models throw themselves in his path. He's 19 years old and he's bald and has a face like Gale Gordon and these models offer themselves up. But he isn't even interested in models. All he likes is Babar. So that's the 'cutting edge'. Where's this guy gonna be when he's 26? Or 36? Not to mention the models. All I can say is I've heard enough of this cutting edge drive. It drives me up the wall. Totally meaningless. I really couldn't care less. Just don't get me started, that's all. So what was it you wanted?"

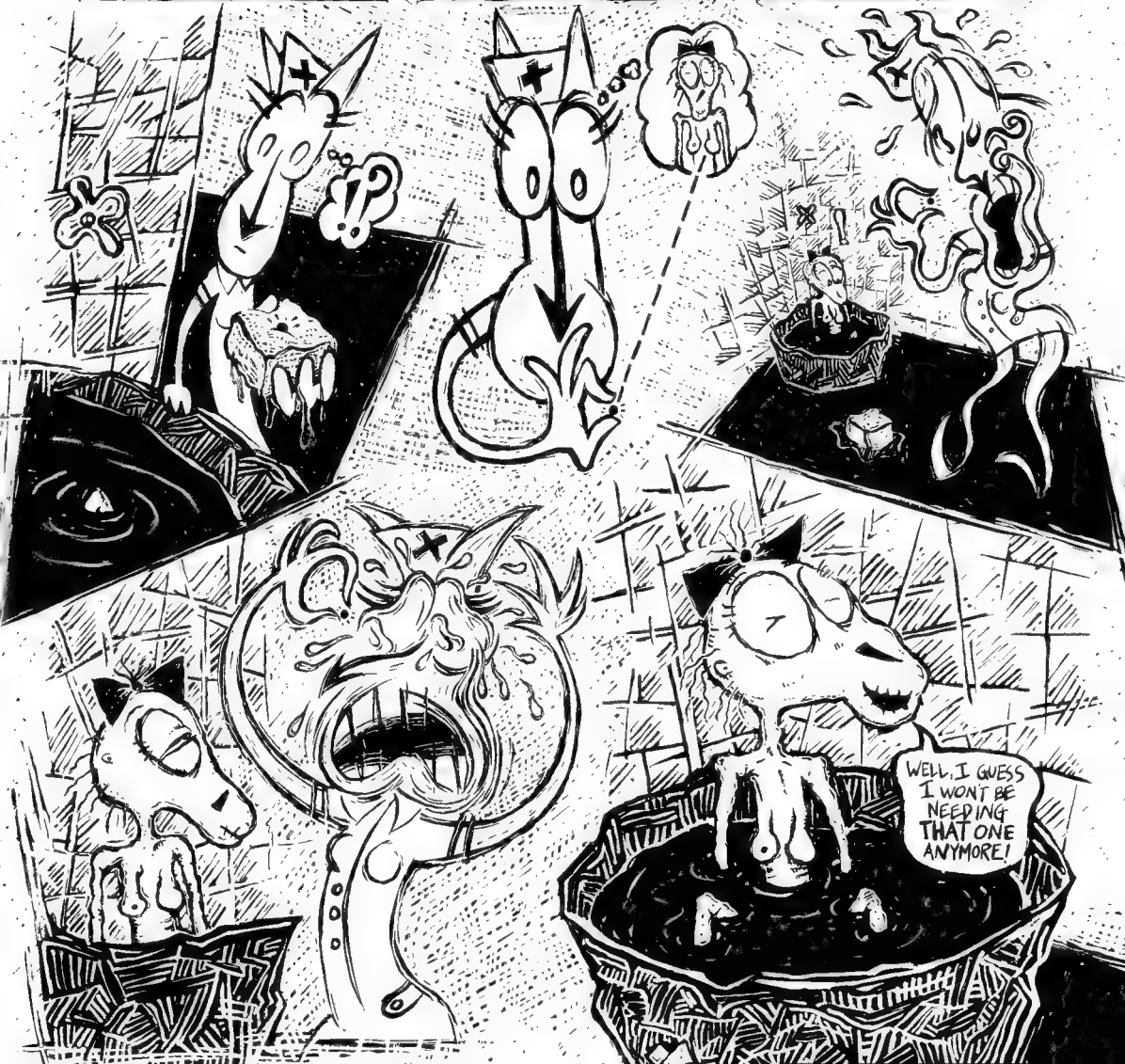
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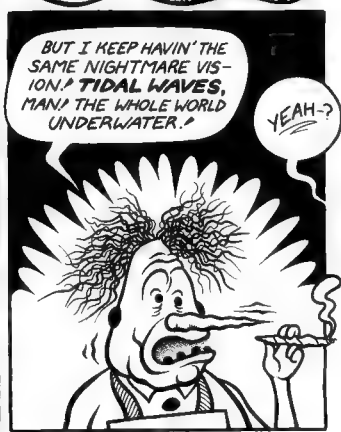
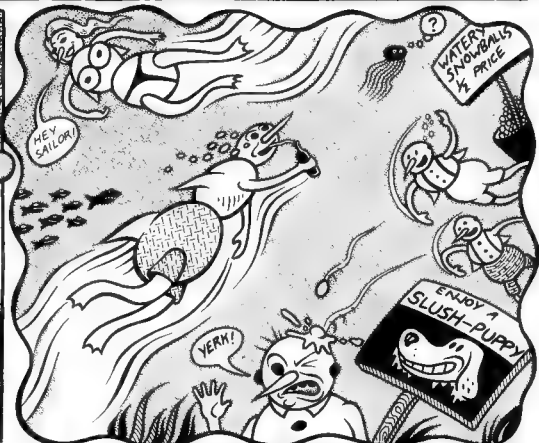
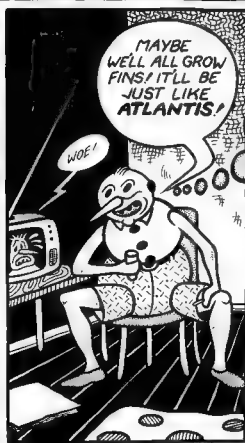
The Young and the Rest Home

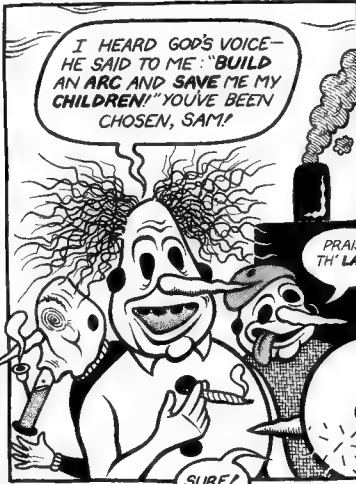
KRISTINE KRYMR
1992



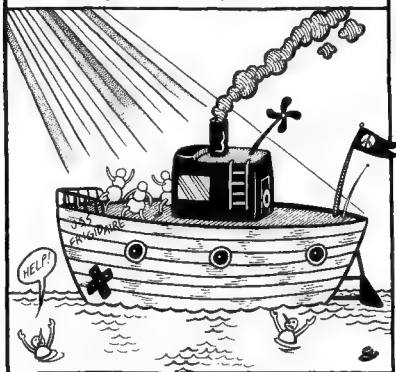




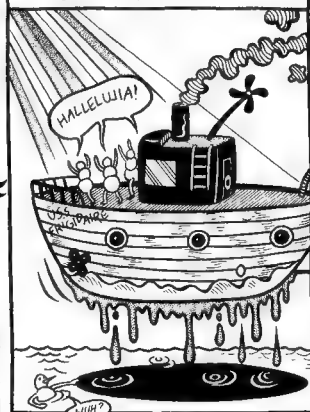




MEANWHILE FAR ABOVE SNOW-
CITY A BEAM OF CELESTIAL
ENERGY IS BEING CAST DOWN
UPON THE ARK....



INTO THE AIR THE
SHIP RISES....



TRAVELING HEAVENWARDS!



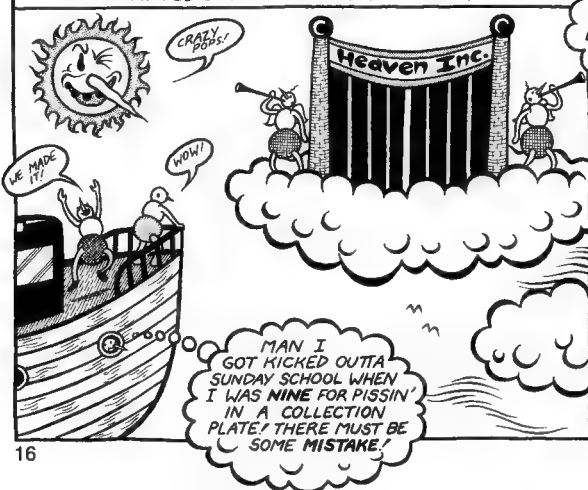
HOLY
SHIT!



- SNOWCITY IS NOW A LAKE OF FIRE !

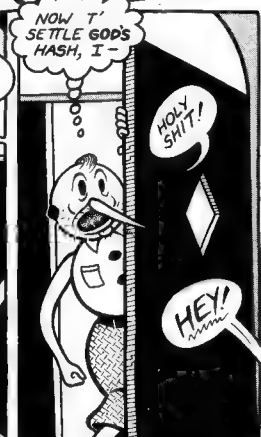


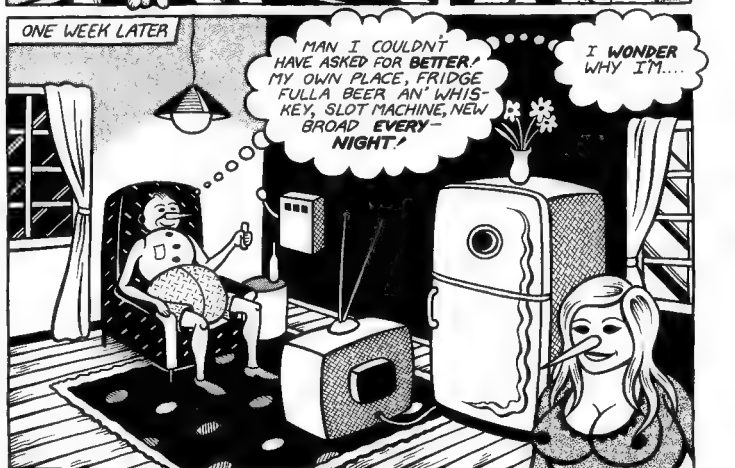
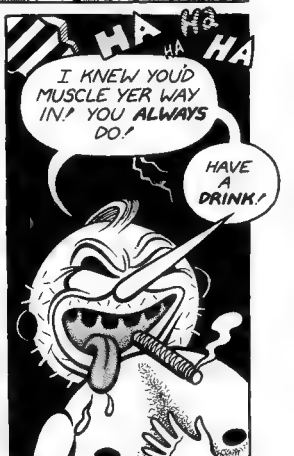
- THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN AWAITS!

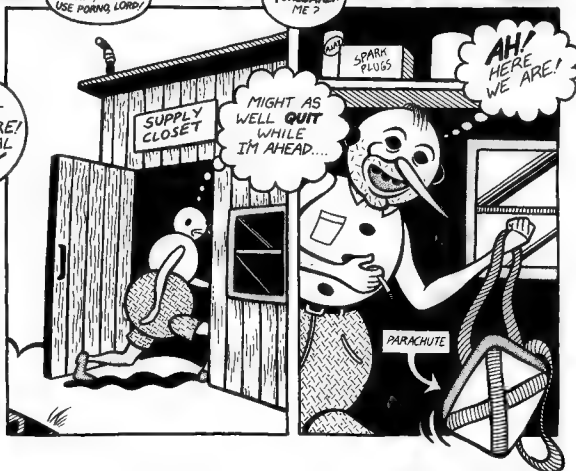
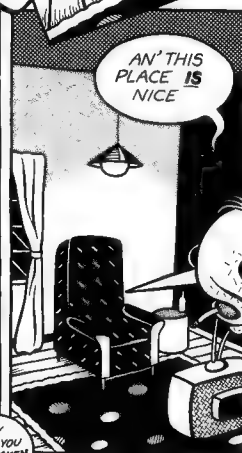
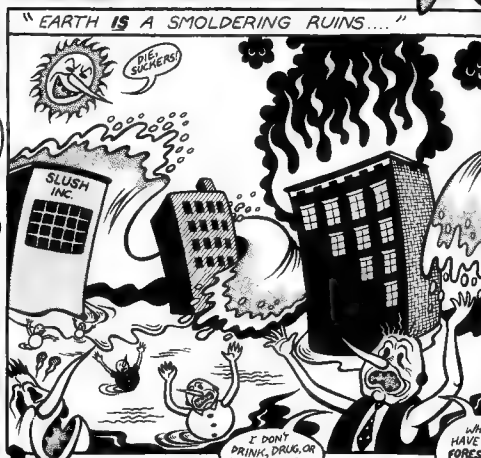


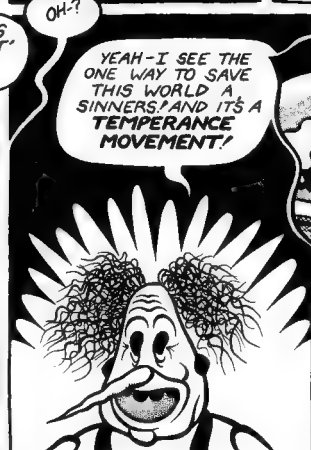
THEY
ALWAYS SAID
HELL CD FREEZE
OVER BEFORE I
MADE IT HERE!













NEWGARDEN

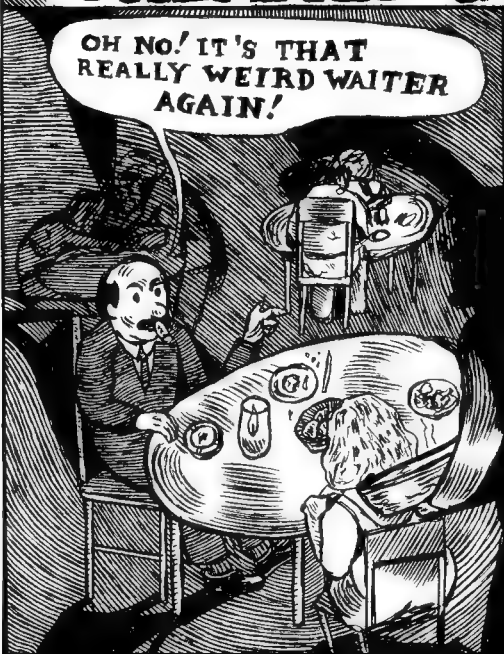
➡ hurrah!



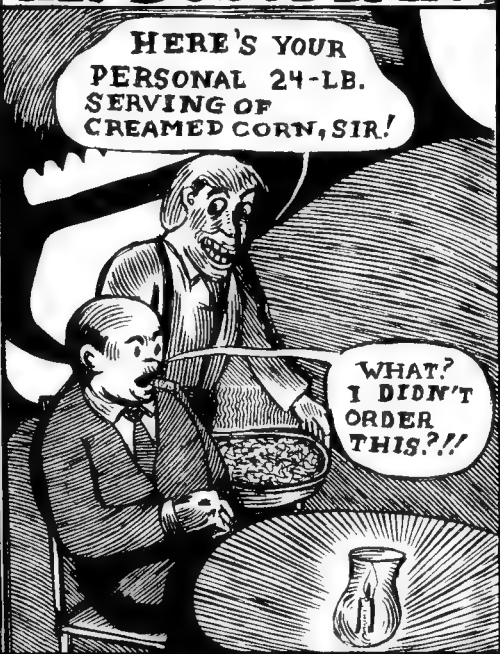
It began simple enough: a new twist on an old punchline. I had been working out the joke for months. Private. Away from anyone who might be inclined to get curious. I like to keep to myself when I write, especially when I write jokes. Call it good luck. Then the phone calls began. First rings and hang-ups, 3:00 in the A.M. Then long-distance operators connecting me with dead air. It smelled from the start. After that, postcards. From Linden. The Oranges. Flemington. Trenton. Cape May. Pictures of trees. Waterfalls. Bridges. Motels. Shores. Scrawled inscriptions I couldn't make out. But the postmarks gave it away. Aces... I knew I was on to something. Something funny. Trouble was someone else knew it too. Someone else in the Garden state. The punchline that is New Jersey is hardly fresh stuff. Corny. Old-hat, in fact. But this new twist of mine. That was the dynamite. Guaranteed Laff. Bigtime Boff. Original. Different. Post-modern. This was hot stuff. Still it needed time to jell. You don't just go writing this stuff down then run out and collect your yokks. Not if you're smart. You mold it like clay. You age it like wine. And you don't make too much noise. That was the thing that gave me the Heebie-Jeebies. Someone was on to me. Then late one P.M. after a few larks I opened the door to my office. Trouble was, I opened the door with my head. Something ugly was waiting for me that night. Something with a Jersey accent. I saw hearts. I saw stars. I saw moons. I saw clovers. I saw blue diamonds. When I came to next A.M my pate was cracked like a pigeon egg. And everything was gone. My tapes. My notes. My joke. Pages were ripped out of my atlas and jokebooks. Jersey pages. But the big thing that was gone was my memory. Somehow they erased that joke clean off my mental tape. Gone—like yesterday's tuna. But I still have a few tricks up my sleeve. I think I can still piece it together. I just need some time. And a little luck. And a new door. And when I get it, you can bet I'm going public. Get ready to laff.

MISTER BOSSMAN IN "CREAMED CORN BOSSMAN"

OH NO! IT'S THAT
REALLY WEIRD WAITER
AGAIN!



HERE'S YOUR
PERSONAL 24-LB.
SERVING OF
CREAMED CORN, SIR!



WHAT?
I DIDN'T
ORDER
THIS?!!

WHOOPS!

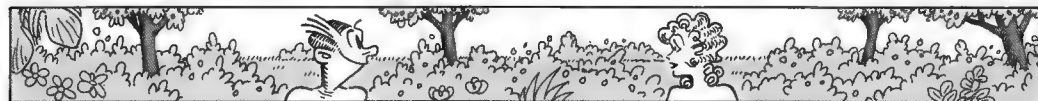
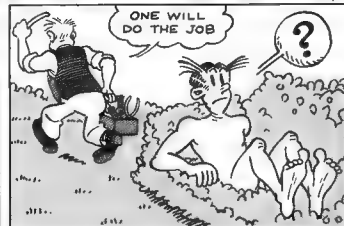
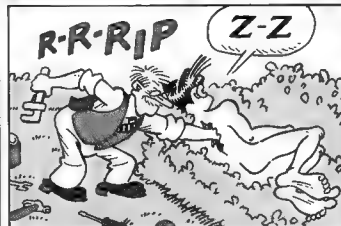
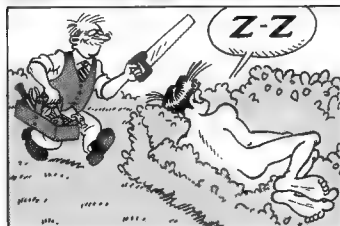
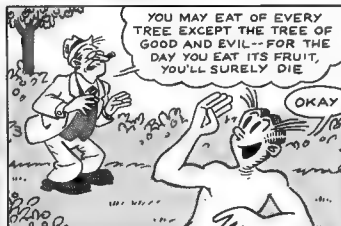
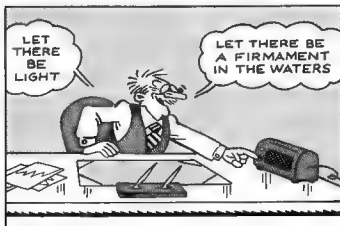
HEY!



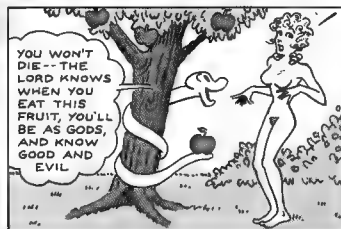
HA HA HA!
LOOK AT THE
BIG BABY!



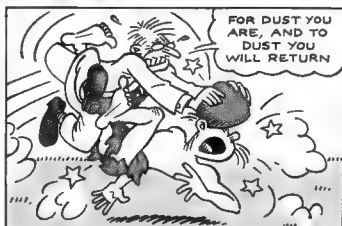
BLOND EVE



BLOD EVE



BLOND EVE



NEWGARDEN ➡ hurrah!

JOBS
O'
FUN



"Well yes, I am looking for an entry-level position. One with little intelligence required. I want something menial where I don't have to think very hard or at all, even. That would be nice. One where I'm only a marginal cog in a vast corporate machine whose ultimate function I could never begin to comprehend, let alone relate to. I want to be used, taken advantage of, beaten down, dicked around, given the shaft, exploited unmercifully and after a career of soul breaking monotony I want to be flung away like an obsolete piece of plumbing. I want to be paid as close to minimum wage as feasible. I don't want any benefits, medical coverage or even a nurse on duty if I cut off my thumb. I surely don't want any challenges. I want to spend my time in this world laboring anonymously, consuming in misery with little hope of anything beyond. I also wouldn't mind something with potential health hazards, possibly something carcinogenic. And I'd like my meager intelligence regularly insulted -- that's important. In fact, I'd be interested in regular on-the-job harassment -- racial, sexual or otherwise. And if it's not too much to ask, I'd really appreciate a position on the verge of obsolescence, something where I'd stand a good chance of being replaced by a computer circuit or a third-world child, or a genetically mutated member of the mandrill family within six years. In short, Mr. Shorin, I'm not looking for anything special."

THE SHIP SITS ON SALT WATER. A BACON AROMA
FILLS THE AIR. THE HOPEFUL RISE UP SLOWLY
FROM THE DEPTHS;
THEIR FATE
RETURNS THEM TO

the SINKING

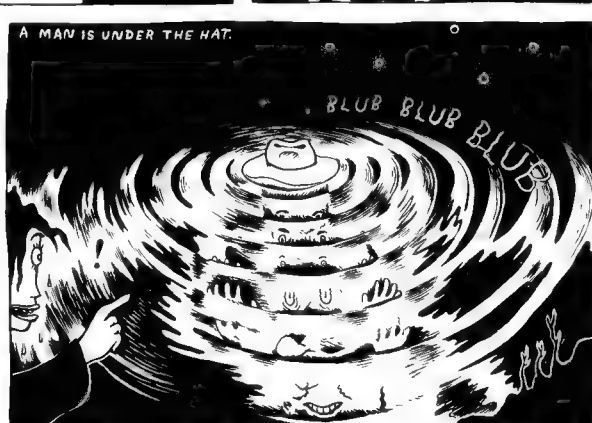
A
**GEEDIX
& JIBB**
ADVENTURE

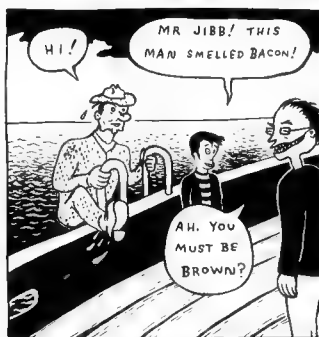
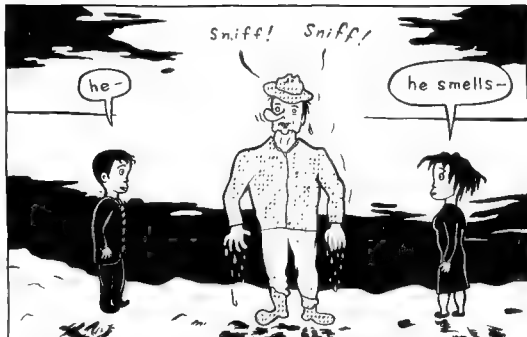
by
J.B. JOHNSON



...BUT LADY COP FINDS A RUCKUS...







GEEDIX, NEARBY, CONSIDERS
A VACANT MEMORY.



PAUSE



AT SEA:

WHY DON'T YOU KIDS
GO STROKE THE FURNACE?!



YOU REALLY DON'T
REMEMBER WHO YOU ARE,
DO YOU, MR. BROWN?

I...



YOU ARE A BAD PERSON.
NOBODY LIKES
YOU.

UH.... YEAH... NOW, I'm
STARTIN' TA
REMEMBER!



JIBB! JIBB! The
STOKENHOLD IS FLOODED!
WE'RE TAKING ON
WATER!

YES, YES,
HERE'S A
BUCKET.



YOU LOOK LIKE A
GHOST. IS EVERY-
BODY WEARING
WHITEFACE PAINT?



NO. THEY
AREN'T.

OH -
IT'S JUST THAT
YOUR FACE LOOKS
LIKE A COOKIE WITH
WHITE FROSTING
ON IT!



NOPE!

...WELL. THE
SHIP'S ABOUT
TO CAPSIZE.

I....
DON'TY BELONG
HERE.



PORT SIDE:

bye

bye



STARBOARD SIDE:



IN MELANCHOLY, THEY PART —



FINALLY



MOLESTED

A TRUE STORY

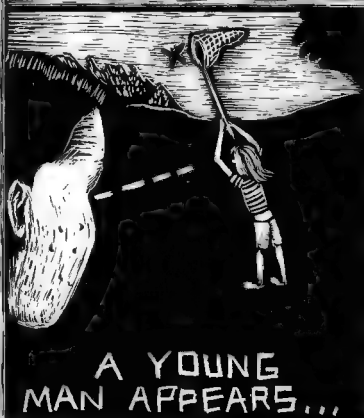
© PENNY VAN HORN



BARBARA
AND
JULIE,
TWO 10-
YEAR-OLD
GIRLS, ARE
BUTTERFLY
HUNTING
WITH THEIR
NEW NETS.



THERE'S
ANOTHER
ONE!!!



A YOUNG
MAN APPEARS...

SAY, WOULD YOU GIRLS
LIKE TO SEE SOME
PLAYBOY MAGAZINES?

WITH
AN
OFFER
TO
MAKE:

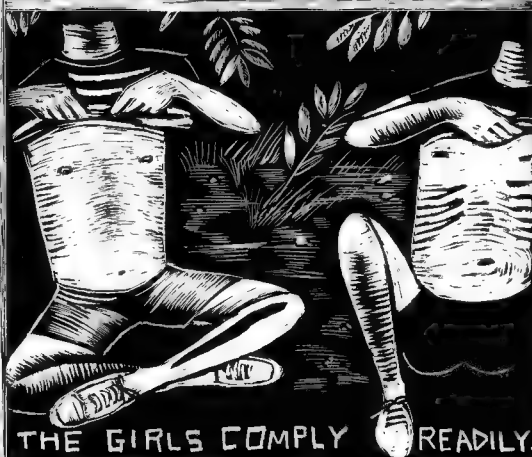


HEY,
YEAH
!!!

WANTING TO BE "COOL,"
THE GIRLS QUICKLY AGREE



AND GO TO HIS HIDE-
AWAY IN THE BUSHES.



EVERY TIME HE UPS THE ANTE
THEY LOOK AT EACH OTHER
FOR APPROVAL.



"YOU HAVE TO LOOK AT
THIS IF YOU WANT A DIME."





JULIE COVERS HER EYES.



"HAVE YOU EVER
FELT ONE OF
THESE?"



THE YOUNG MAN BECOMES
TOO EXCITED...



NOW EVEN BARBARA IS AFRAID.



AND FORCES HER DOWN.



JULIE STARTLES HIM BY
POKING HIM WITH THE NET.



THEY RUN UNTIL
THEY ARE OUT OF BREATH.



"THAT WAS A CLOSE ONE!"



THEN THEY THROW THE GUM
AND MONEY DOWN THE SEWER.



THEY NEVER TOLD ANYONE!

I'VE BEEN VISITING
MY GRANDMOTHER
EVERY WEEK SINCE
SHE STARTED
GETTING REALLY SICK



I MAKE MYSELF
SMILE WHEN
I SEE HER



IT'S ME

OH
IT'S YOU

I CAN'T TELL IF
SHE'S GLAD TO SEE
ME OR NOT BUT I
START TALKING
ANYWAY AND I WISH
THAT IT IS TWO
YEARS AGO AND WE
ARE SITTING IN HER
KITCHEN

I DON'T
KNOW
HOW I'D
EXPLAIN
THAT TO
YOUR
MOTHER



AND DON'T
GET YOUR
SELF KILLED



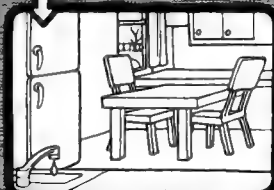
TAKE THIS
FLASHLIGHT
WITH YOU



THE CAT AND I WILL
KEEP EACH OTHER COMPANY



OF COURSE - HOW OLD DO YOU THINK I
AM? I'M NOT PARALYZED



AND YOU FOUND THAT SIX-
PACK OF BUDWEISER ON THE
SAME DAY?



REMEMBER WHEN I WAS A
KID AND I FOUND THAT ICE
COLD ORANGE SODA
BY THE TREE?



OH, YES... I CAN'T
EVER FORGET THAT



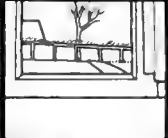
WELL, I THINK
I'M GOING TO GO
SEE THAT MOVIE...
ARE YOU SURE
YOU DON'T WANT
TO GO?



NO NO I'M TOO
OLD FOR THAT
NOW. MY RUMP
HAS GOTTEN TOO
TENDER FOR THOSE
HARD SEATS



YOU'LL BE ALL
RIGHT HERE,
THEN?



THAT'S RIGHT - IT WAS
THE STRANGEST THING
WASN'T IT?



IT WAS



ACTUALLY I WAS
STARTING TO THINK
I'D MADE IT ALL UP
OR YOU'D GOTTEN
ONE OUT OF THE
BASEMENT FRIDGE
AND PUT IT THERE



OH, AND... CRAZY
THINGS LIKE
THAT JUST HAPPEN
SOMETIMES



DON'T YOU THINK?



I GUESS SO

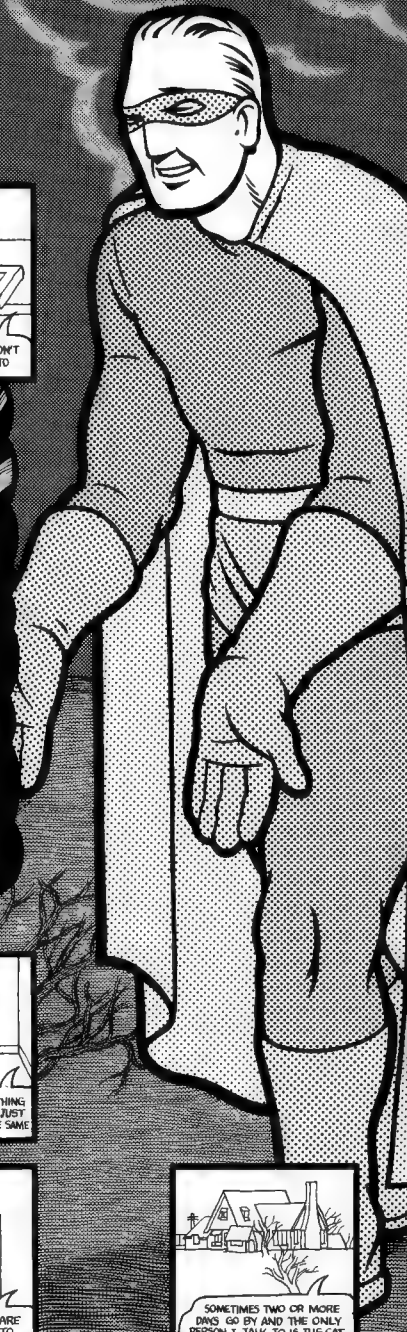
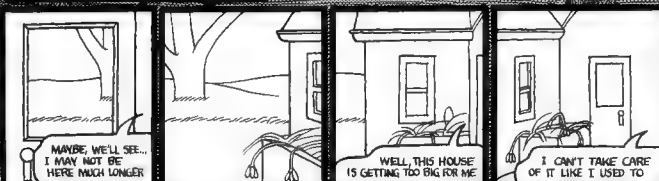
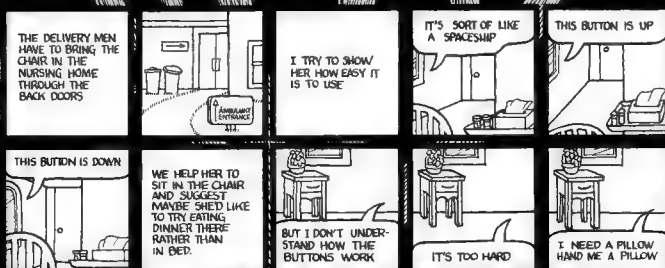
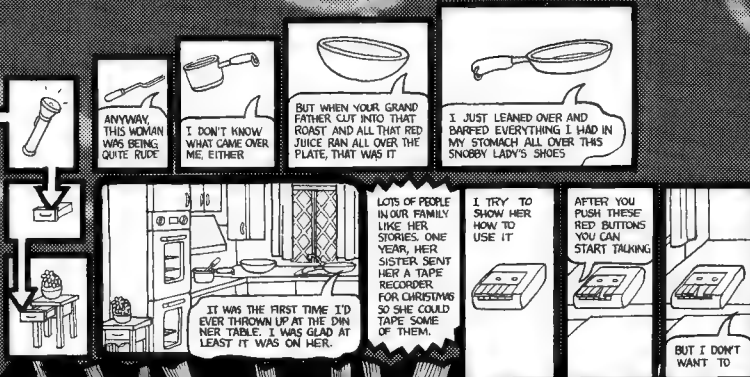


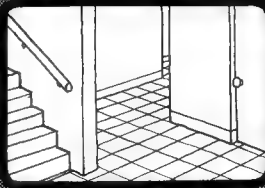
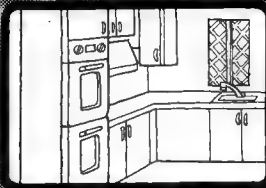
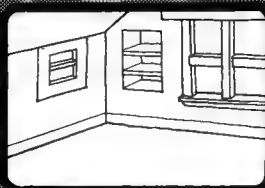
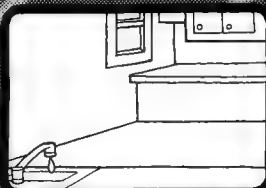
SINCE OUR FAMILY MOVED AWAY, I TRY TO GO BACK
AND VISIT HER TWICE A YEAR, IF I CAN.

I THINK SHE IS HAPPY TO HAVE ME AROUND.

QUIMBY
MOUSE
in a STORAGE CLOSET

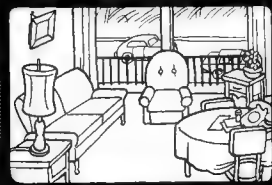






SHE DECIDES TO FOLLOW US DOWN TO WHERE WE MOVED, TAKING UP RESIDENCE IN A RETIREMENT APARTMENT COMPLEX ONLY A FEW MILES AWAY FROM MY PARENTS' HOUSE. SHE SAYS SHE IS HAPPY TO BE AWAY FROM THE WINTER WEATHER.

IT IS STRANGE GOING TO VISIT HER THERE.



BUT WE ARE HAPPY THAT SHE IS AROUND.

SO THEY HOG ALL THE TABLES AND SNEER WHEN YOU TRY TO SIT WITH THEM

WELL, THE ONLY THING THAT MOST OF THESE OLD GOBBS HAVE TO LOOK FORWARD TO IS EATING, UNFORTUNATELY

HOW COME?

IT'S HARD FINDING A SEAT, ANYWAY

OH, IT'S OKAY... SOMETIMES I JUST HAVE SOME TOAST UP HERE IF I WANT, THOUGH

SO THE CAFETERIA IS PRETTY GOOD, THEN?

WELL, I DON'T NEED A REAL ONE NOW.

YOUR KITCHEN SURE IS SMALL HERE

LIQUID DIET

AS SOON AS MY GRANDMOTHER FEELS WELL ENOUGH AGAIN SHE IS GOING TO GO BACK TO HER APARTMENT

I NEED ANOTHER PILLOW

BRING ME ANOTHER PILLOW FROM MY APARTMENT

AND GET SOME MORE STRAWS... THE KIND THAT BEND

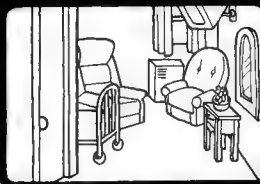
YOU SHOULD TRY TO EAT MORE THAN THAT

I CAN'T... I REALLY TRY BUT I CAN'T

JUST A LITTLE BIT MORE OF SOMETHING

I REALLY CAN'T EAT IT... WHY DON'T YOU HAVE IT?

THERE'S NO SENSE IN LETTING IT GO TO WASTE



ANYWAY, ANYTHING FROM HER APARTMENT SHE DOESN'T WANT WITH HER AT THE NURSING HOME SHE ASKS TO BE DISPERSED AMONGST VARIOUS MEMBERS OF OUR FAMILY

I'M SURE YOU'LL BE ABLE TO FIND ANOTHER APARTMENT ONCE YOU'RE FEELING BETTER

AND THANK YOU FOR THE LAMP... IT LOOKS NICE IN MY LIVING ROOM

OF COURSE, YOU CAN HAVE IT BACK ANY TIME YOU WANT

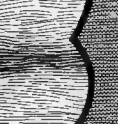
NOW SHE HAS A DEVICE WITH A TUBE THAT FEEDS HER AUTOMATICALLY

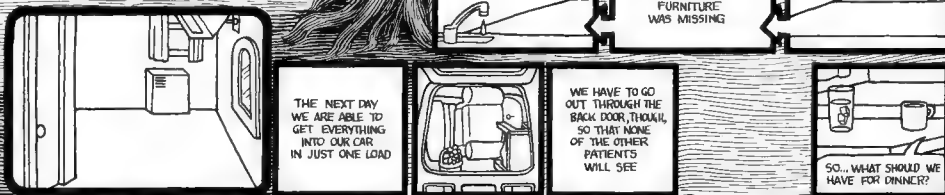
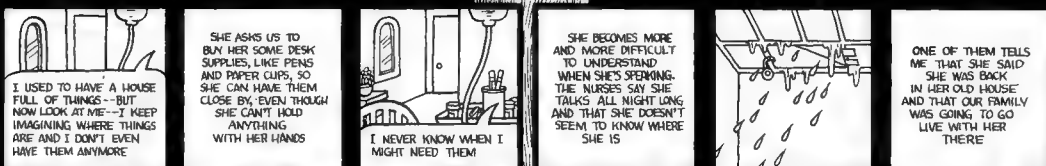
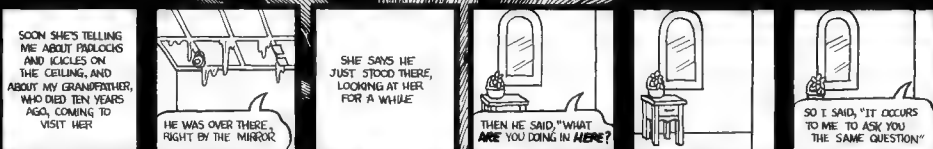
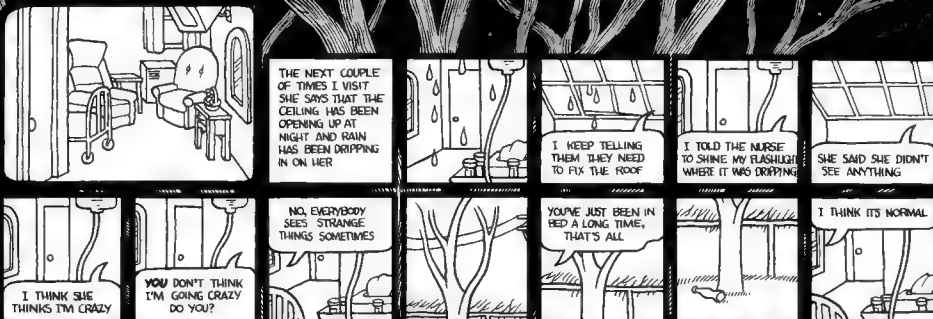
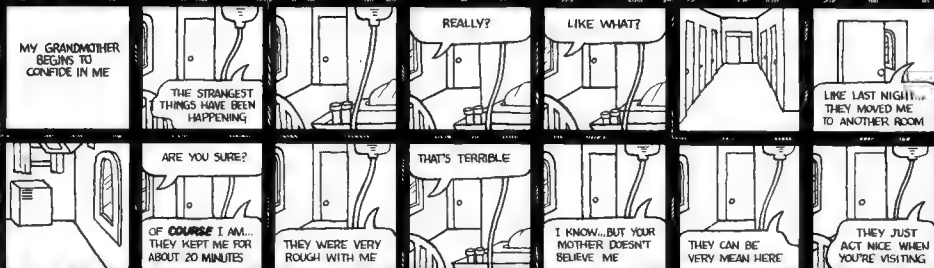
IN MY DREAMS, I AM UP AND AROUND, DOING THINGS

LAST NIGHT I DREAMED THAT I GOT UP

AND I WENT DOWNSTAIRS TO THE ICEBOX TO GET SOMETHING TO EAT

ISN'T THAT THE STUPIDEST THING?

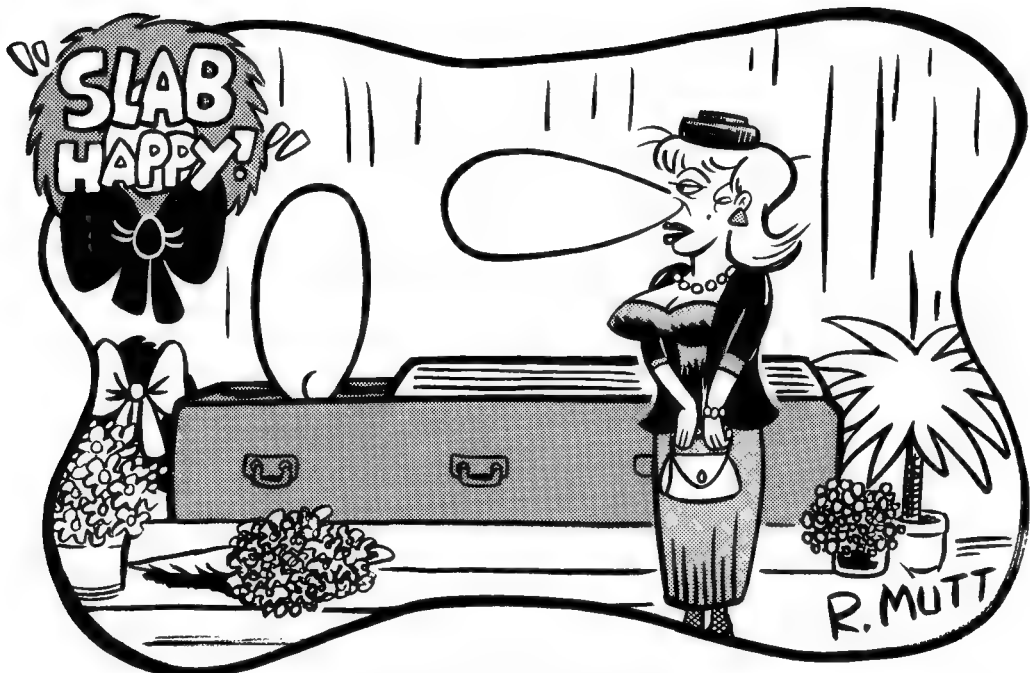






NEWGARDEN

➡ hurrah!



"This is us. This is us waking up. This is us getting out of bed. Up out of bed. To put the water on. For coffee. This is us awake. We're awake now. Here we are. This is us making water boil. Spooning our coffee. This is us up and awake and drinking our coffee. This is us awake and alert and not sleeping. Eating our bread with the coffee we made. Smell that coffee. Mmmmmmm. Smells like coffee. It is coffee. That's why. This is us needing T.V. on. This is "Bugs Bunny and Friends" on. This is us. Watching an ad for Popiel. For K-Tel. For the Navy. You're making an excellent point that Elmer Fudd is not Bugs Bunny's friend. I'm knowing that you took the bigger of the two pieces of bread. I'm agreeing with your excellent point. And neither is Popeye. This is us agreeing. This is us in agreement. This is us totally agreed on a thing. This is us ready to wake up. We're getting up now. This is us getting up. To put on some water. This is us getting up to make coffee. Here we go. This is us going. This is us doing. We're making the coffee. To really wake us up. To go do. We're getting up because we slept too long. We get tired of sleeping. We get so tired of it that we can't stay awake anymore. So this is us getting up. Getting going now. We're watching T.V. We're watching cartoons. This is up, alert and watching cartoons. There's a cartoon about Bugs and Elmer. Elmer's shooting Bugs. Not like friends, I agree. There's a cartoon about Sniffles the mouse. In the cartoon Sniffles keeps falling asleep. So he drinks lots of coffee. This is us watching Sniffles drinking coffee, while our water boils. This is us agreeing; Elmer and Bugs can never be friends. This is me turning and seeing the way your mouth brushes the edge of the cup. The coffee is hot. This is me hating you. This is us drinking our coffee, eating our bread, watching cartoons and getting up and going. And doing. This is us. Here we go. We're getting up now. The water's boiling."

© Mark Newgarden, 1990

CHRISTIAN DEATH CULT 1993 GARY PANTER

WATH HENOT SENT ME TO THE MEW
THAT EAT THEIR OWN DUNG AND DRINK
THEIR OWN PISS WITH YOU? YOU!
IT KINGS 18:27



I SURE HOPE HE IS
THE NEW MESSIAH!!



IF YOU FUCK UP AGAIN
IM BLASTING YOU TO
ETERNAL PERDITION.



THAT IMAGE OF THE
FALSE JESUS DOES
OFFEND ME!!!



THERE!!!



HE AROSE, HE AROSE,



YOU KIDS DONT PLAY BY
THAT KEROSENE LAMP!



YOU DONT EVER COME
ACROSS ANY
GRENADE
LAUNCHERS
DOYA ???



WOW! NEAT! NO SHIT!



BAH! BOP! POP!

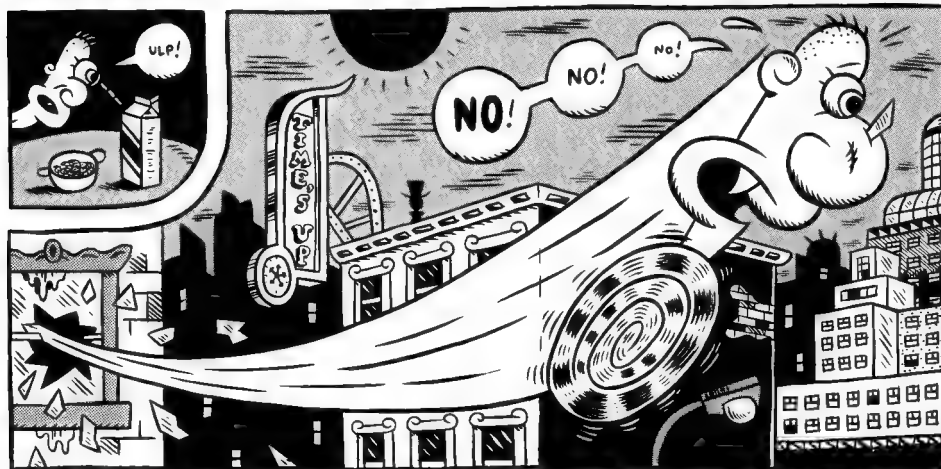
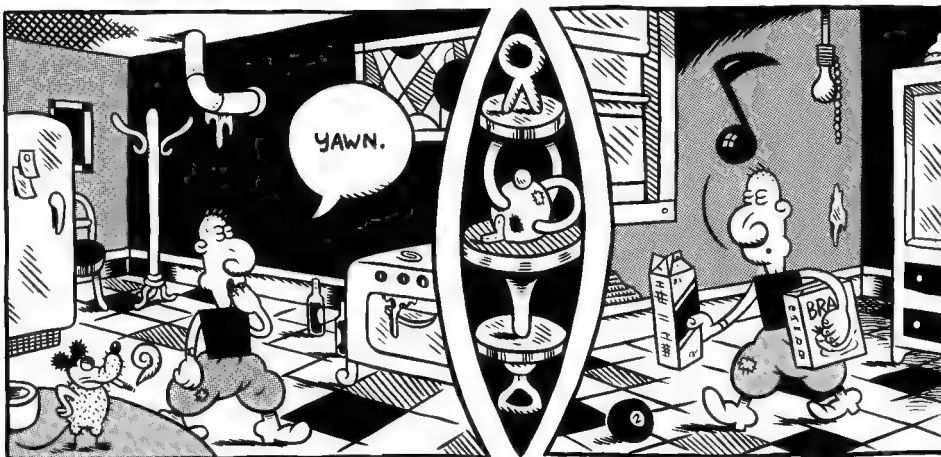
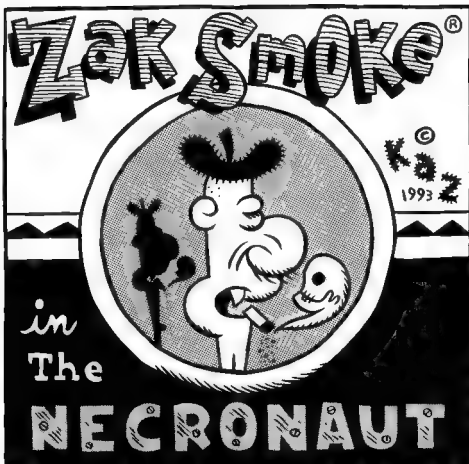


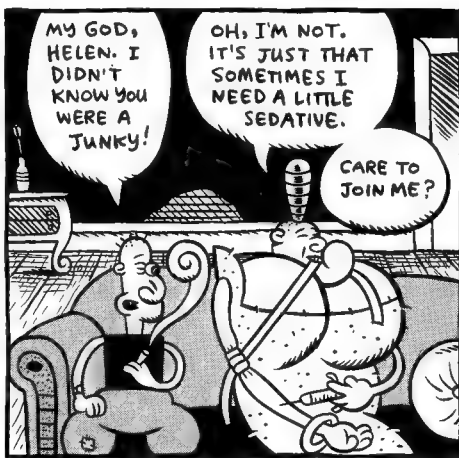
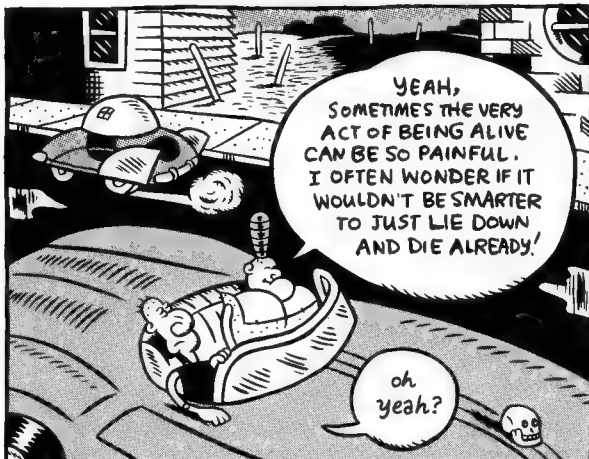
FAB LIGHT SHOW!!



WHY DO YOU GUYS
HAVE TO BE FBI AGENTS
??? ? ? ? ?







OWW!
IS THIS
RIGHT?

ATTA
BOY...

Z Z Z

WASN'T I SUPPOSED TO STERILIZE THE NEEDLE FIRST OR SOMETHING? IT FEELS LIKE SOMEONE'S POURING A WARM BUDWEISER ON MY BRAINS. NORMALLY I WOULDN'T INDULGE IN SUCH A DANGEROUS DRUG BUT THIS WHOLE WEEK'S BEEN SO NERVE-WRACKING FOR ME. I GOT FIRED FROM MY JOB LAST MONDAY. SUSAN, MY INSANE GIRLFRIEND, DUMPED ME ON TUESDAY. MY LANDLORD RAISED MY RENT ON WEDNESDAY. DINO, MY DOG, DIDN'T COME HOME LAST NIGHT. IT'S LIKE I'M STUCK IN A WEIRD HUNGARIAN CARTOON!

I'M STARTING TO FEEL BETTER NOW. I DUNNO. DID YOU EVER GET THE FEELING THAT EVERYTHING AROUND YOU IS TRYING TO TELL YOU SOMETHING IMPORTANT. EVERYTHING YOU HEAR AND SEE HAS ENCODED WITHIN IT A SECRET MESSAGE THAT A PART OF YOUR MIND IS RECEIVING WITHOUT YOU CONSCIOUSLY AWARE OF THE EXCHANGE. EXCEPT FOR THOSE BRIEF LUCID MOMENTS YOUR BRAIN PICKS UP THE MESSAGE LOUD AND CLEAR? WELL, IT HAPPENED TO ME THIS AFTERNOON, HELEN. HELEN?

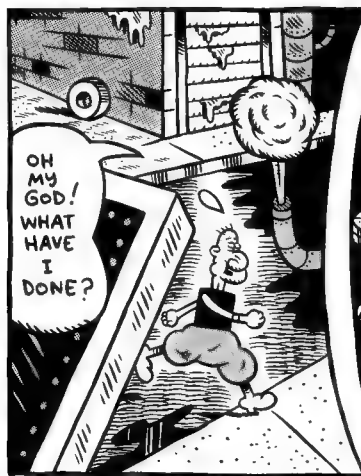
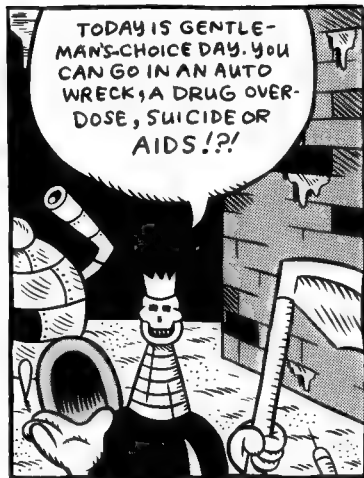
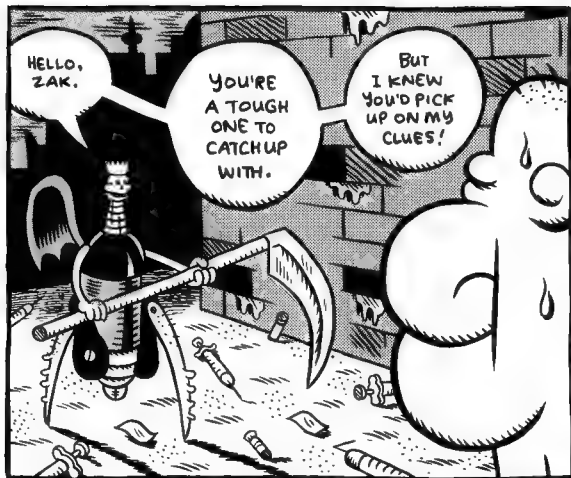
HELEN?

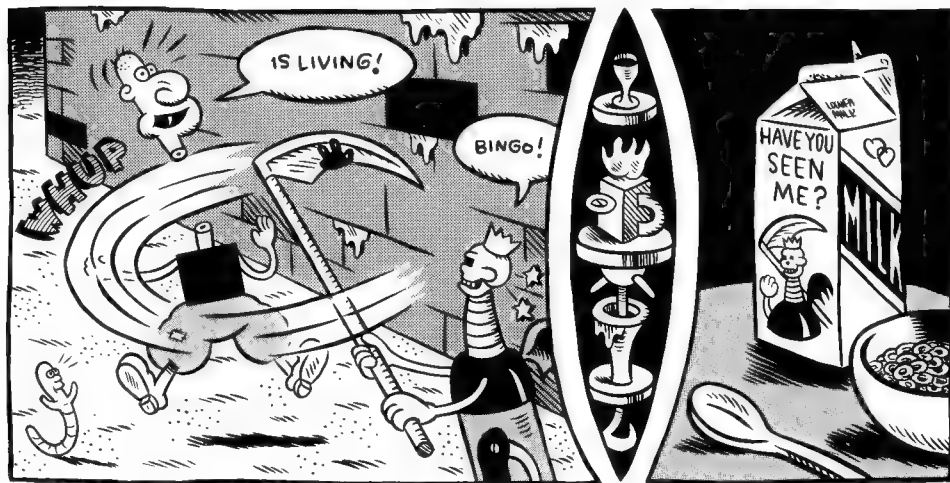
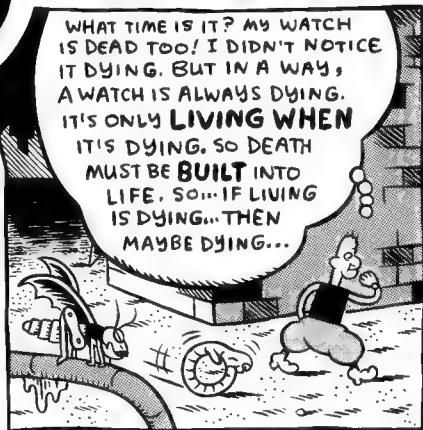
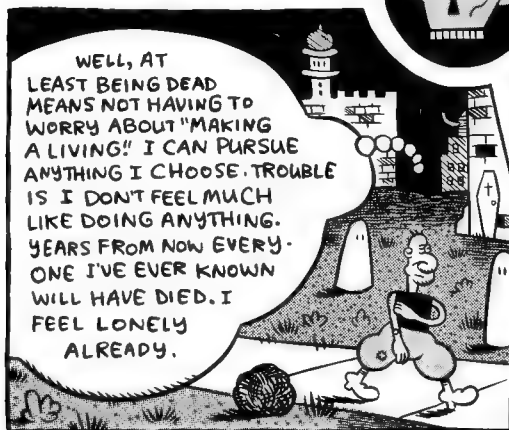
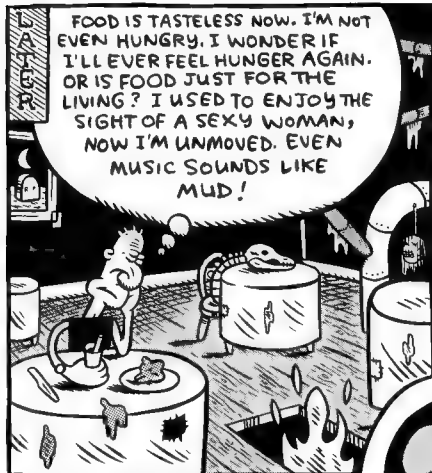
SHE'S
DEAD!

DEAD
END!

PRECISELY.

OH
OH
OH...





MR. BOSSMAN



AND BOSSPUP™
(ON HIATUS)



IN

"Adieu, Mr. Bossman"

Mrs. Bossman is showing off her new gun in the restaurant.

ALOYSIUS GAVE ME THIS... YOU CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL THESE DAYS...

WHOOOPS

UGH!

KPOW

OH, MY...

WELL, I DIE NOW, MARTHA... THIS LATEST TRAGEDY, AS WITH SO MANY OTHERS, WAS I FEEL, CAUSED BY YOUR ESSENTIAL FOOLISHNESS! UHH...



OH... THAT'S THE DEATH ALARM WATCH I GAVE HIM LAST CHRISTMAS!

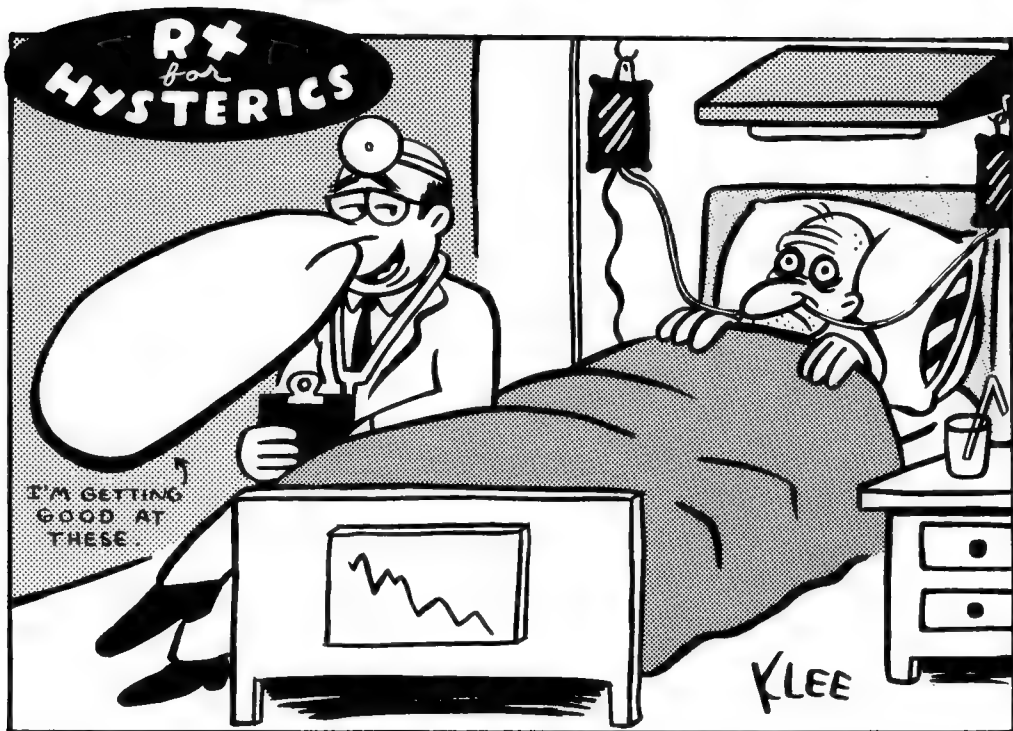
HOW PRECIOUS!

DEEP DEEP DEEP DEEP

P. F. R. 11

NEWGARDEN

➡ hurrah!

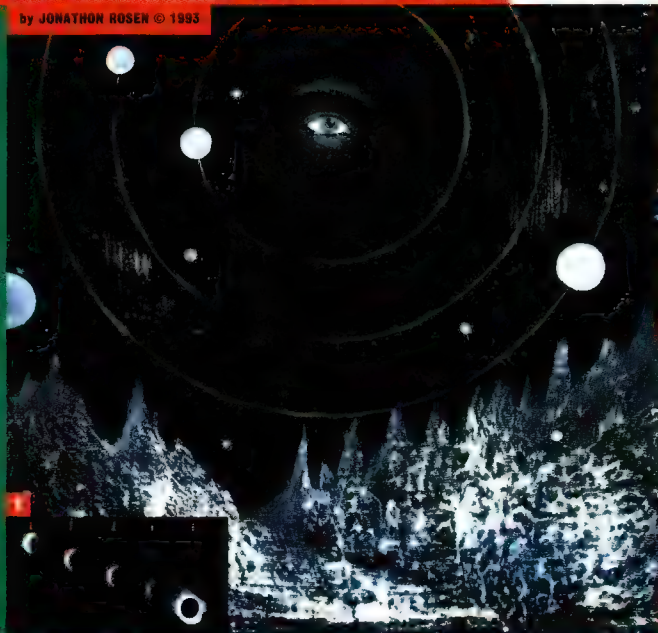


"You know I wasn't always called to medicine. I swear. See, I've been a naturally funny individual ever since I was a kid. So originally I was going to be a stand-up comic. I've always needed to make people laugh, lighten their load, the whole bit. Sounds corny. I mean it though. That's my thing. So I spent six years doing waitering shifts, washing cars, driving cabs, living like a loser, just so I could hit the clubs at night and polish my act. I'd hang 'til two, three, four o'clock waiting for my shot. Crazy days. Nutso days. Life. Well, it's one of those things. It just didn't play. See, I was born into the wrong era. My kind of humor is a dying thing. Now it's all sickness and sex and death. Call me old-fashioned. What can I say? And I wasn't managed properly. There's a story. It's who you know. And I didn't know. Not then anyway. Your head hurt? But my mother always had this dream. My uncle was a Podiatrist. My cousin discovered Bactine. So I gave up comedy and went to pre-med. Next to the clubs medical school was a piece of cake. I mean it. So, ten years later I'm a fabulously successful specialist. I know, sounds wacko. Hey. My mother's happy. But you know what my secret dream is? I'll tell you. It's to really help heal people through the miracle of laughter. Not anti-bodies. Not surgery. I sincerely believe that laughter is the best God-damn medicine available. Ever hear of Norman Cousins? He says that too. A good joke is stronger than all the aspirin in the world. Wacko, crazy, but it's an established fact. There's been statistics, tests, paperbacks, the whole thing. And you know what? You need the right attitude. That's critical. I think it's a love thing. Love is laughter. Inseparable. Symbiotic. Crazy. So. I see we're having a bad reaction to the chemo, Mr. Klein. Lighten up. Did you know your doctor beat Danny Thomas at golf last week?"

A re-creation of CREATION

by JONATHAN ROSEN © 1993

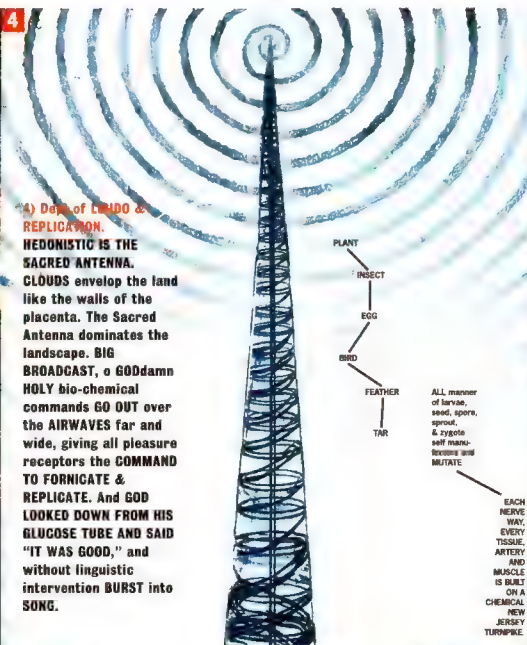
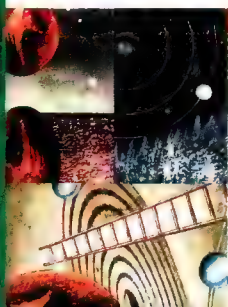
In the beginning there was the MIND. WORDS form PICTURES in the mind's EYE, a Holy CATHODE RAY TUBE in the SKY



1) BIRTHDAY/the Birth of the EARTH. Speaking in BURSTS of ELECTRONS, Microscopic PROJECTORS spew forth a massive particle SNEEZE in 360 degrees. A recipe for planets form flatulent LUMPS in the PUDDING. The World is an enormous ROOM with a VAULTED CEILING.

2) INSIDE of the PUPIL of the MIND'S EYE. EXTREME CLOSE-UP showing forced entry of RETINA by the CATHODE RAY TUBE. FLUIDS fall down from the HEAVENS, deliriously. Also a DELICIOUS frequency layercake unfolds from out of the blackHOLE pupil sinkdrain.

3) CALLING ALL CARS LifeSPARK joyospout BURSTS. The ancient spawning ground of primordial SOUP spoons full of proteins. Electrical jump-start of plant and animal TV programs.



4) DAWN of LUMINO & REPLICATION. NEDONISTIC IS THE SACRED ANTENNA. CLOUDS envelop the land like the walls of the placenta. The Sacred Antenna dominates the landscape. BIG BROADCAST, o GODdamn HOLY bio-chemical commands GO OUT over the AIRWAVES far and wide, giving all pleasure receptors the COMMAND TO FORNICATE & REPLICATE. And GOD LOOKED DOWN FROM HIS GLUCOSE TUBE AND SAID "IT WAS GOOD," and without linguistic intervention BURST into SONG.

PLANT
INSECT
EGG
BIRD
FEATHER
TAR

ALL manner of larvae, seed, spore, sprout, & zygote self-manifesting and MUTATE

EACH NERVE WAY, EVERY TISSUE, ANTERIX AND MUSCLE IS BUILT ON A CHEMICAL NEW JERSEY TURNPIKE.



5) EMBRYOGENESIS: FROM one EGG to MANY. MR.BUBBLE, the HOMUNCULUS * Hard boiled. The Ol' ball O' PLASMA in ecstasy.

* MINIAURE person in the sperm

6) NEW PATENTED LIFE FORMS. Beasthood. SQUIRMIN' VERMIN. CARNIVORE vs. HERBIVORE in Supermarket food-chains.

AMINO ACIDAL CONCENTRO, YOUR SHOWER OF POWER, NEW GELIDE

7) **GODHEAD.** Nature performs an unprecedented and PERVERSE EXPERIMENT on a peculiar strain of CARNIVOROUS APES. Ingestion of Holy Fungus transforms the PRIMATES allowing them a glimpse into the INFINITE (causing no EYESTRAIN).



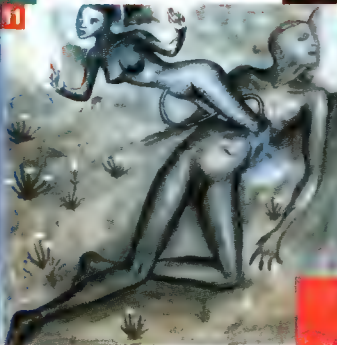
8) **WOMAN (HUMAN FEMALE).** 2,000,000 years in the making, is shown here late in the developmental stage.



9) **SNAP SHOT OF HUMAN THOUGHT:** Humanoid mental agility develops LAYERS of SLEAZINESS & NOBILITY. Inside a genetic WILD CARD, the MASTER GLAND resembles strange monosyllabic people of the holy atomic flea CIRCUS (Hormones be thy name).



10) **FORENSIC EVIDENCE OF BIOLOGICAL FAILURE.** Archeologists have found fossil remains of many natural mistakes, impossible hybrids and monstresities pre-dating the MEDICAL INDUSTRY.



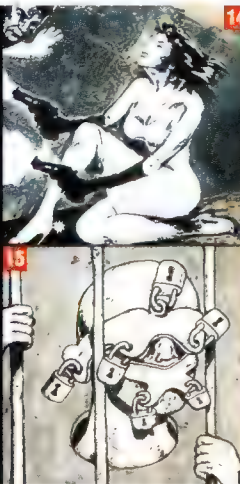
11) **COITUS en PERPETUITY.** THE HOLY FIRST MOTHER AND FATHER (A HIGHLY IMPROBABLE BEGINNING). Siamese Ribtwin incest; Adam, the MOTHER of the HOLY first SISTER/WIFE/MOTHER of MANKIND, is shown here giving birth to EVE.



12) **SHADOW FIGURES OF GOD'S ENTOURAGE.** TEMPTATION is not the snake of the tree of KNOWLEDGE but IS the tongue of the 4 faced DEMON of ADDICTIVE materials and SUBSTANCES. This corruptor introduces hostility between the sexes. (see next panel)



13) **LILITH:** Our Lady of Perpetual Motion. Banished Lunar consort of god, she pre-dates EVE (alias the snake of EDEN). Her veil with veins: Queen Volatile. Consort of the DEVIL. Amazon Goddess of door to door organ grinders. Goddess of female LIBIDO, fluid mixmastress.



14) **Zealot for EROTIC JUSTICE** Revenge killing for Cheating on SLEEP.

15) **The FLESH,** liberated from the Body, is IMPRISONED. Hath the BRAIN-dead a right-to-LIFE ?



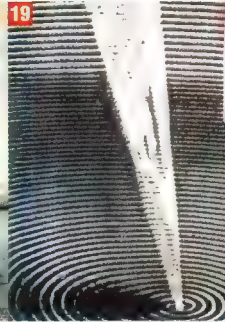
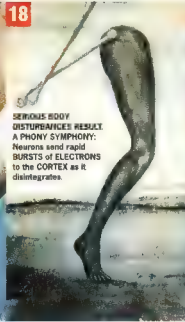
16) **EXCAVATION OF THE SOUL.** Demons make sleep an unconscious Storage and retrieval warehouse and serves up raw ground meat furniture (by accident). Tiny machines planted Directly in the Cortex are instructed in the art of handling silverware (to the point of DRY CLEANING the soul).

17) The DIVIDING LINE between LIFE and NON-LIFE begins to BLUR. RENT-A-BODY surrogates are able to MUTATE into and PROCREATE with any SPECIES, any device, any molecular arrangement, any energy field.

18) Virtuoso SURGEONS raid AUTO PARTS CATALOGS and GYNECOLOGICAL textbooks to perform live TAXIDERMY on PHANTOMS.

19) UNANNOUNCED INTERFERENCE.
DEMONIC laughter on **EMERGENCY BROADCAST FREQUENCIES** come scanning and tunneling out from the Earth's hot core.

20) MACHINE PHILOSOPHY
 Dangerous machine
 EVOLUTION, MOTHER of
 idea-driven fornication.



21) Shadow CONSTRUCTS. The reincarnation of obsolete machinery stalk the planet. A perpetual feedback LOOP.

22) Bridge over the shallow ocean of Consumer Desire.

23) The AFTERlife: afterLIFE in a cheap hotel lobby—a fetish performance of the DAMNED.



24) THE mouth of HELL has some APPETITE. GOD
so screwed up the World, His SHADOW took over.
See the BLACK HOLE entrance to the HOLY GHOST
DRIVE-thru. Notice the gaping mouth. The Last
Judgement imposes a tyranny of GOOD TASTE.

25) GO TO HELL? THE START OF 360 degrees of NOTHINGNESS. The SPHINCTER MOUTH SWALLOWS itself UP and SPEWS OUT the BIG GRUNCH (the opposite of the big bang). EARTH is flattened out into a pancake. Everything leads back to panel #1. The MIND looks itself in the EYE and says TURN OFF the LIGHTS when YOU LEAVE.

finis

COMPARISON CHARTS are SPREAD SHEETS prepared

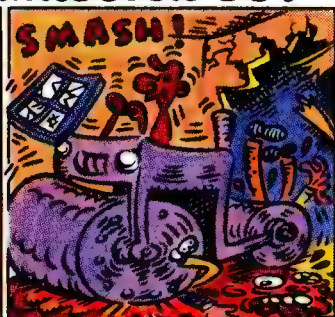
THE ADVENTURES OF THE STEAMROLLER GUY

NOW MARJORIE, I KNOW \$3,000⁰⁰ IS A LOT TO PAY FOR A FAMILY HOME BIBLE STUDY COURSE — EVEN OF BEST QUALITY--

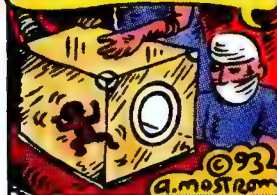


BUT AS MY DEARLY BELOVED, YOU MUST ASK YOURSELF--

"WHAT PRICE CHARACTER?"



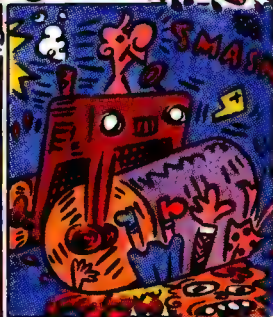
MEANWHILE, ACROSS TOWN
NOW, AS YOUR BABY WAS BORN SIX MONTHS PREMATURELY, WE-- CAN'T GUARANTEE THE OPERATION--WILL BE A SUCCESS



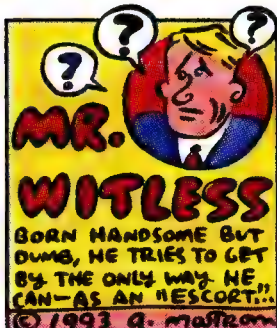
BUT IT'S--ALL WE'VE GOT...
(SOB, CHOKE)--OH, GOD...
GO AHEAD, DOC...SHE'S A LITTLE FIGHTER...
OUR (CHOKE) LITTLE FIGHTER...



NINE HOURS LATER--
FOLKS... IT LOOKS LIKE SHE'S-- DEAD... OH, WAIT! NO, ALIVE! NO-- WHAT? DEAD? NO, ALIVE! NO--



MR. WITLESS
BORN HANDSOME BUT DUMB, HE TRIES TO GET BY THE ONLY WAY HE CAN--AS AN "ESCORT"!!
© 1993 G. MOSTROM



I WONDER WHO PLAYED CHARLIE MCCARTHY?
BLAZY BLAH BLAH



I WONDER IF I'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES TO GET INTO COMMERCIALS?



I'M HANDSOMER THAN FUCKIN' OL' BURT CONVEY ANY DAY, MAN!!
ANY DAY!!
CRUSH



HUGH, YOU'VE BURNED YOUR HAND!!
WHAAH? OW!!



QUICK-- SAY SOMETHING CLEVER--
UH, YOU KNOW, DONNA DEAR, WHEN I SEE OLD PEOPLE LIKE THAT EATING

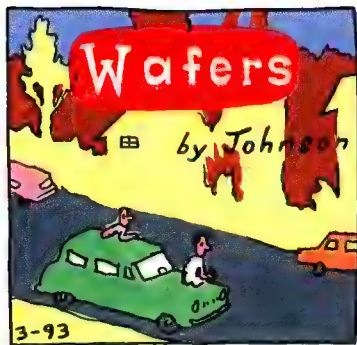


I CAN'T HELP THINKING ABOUT THEIR RECTUMS EXCRETING IT OUT!!
SO HELP ME!!
BOLT!!



MUST BE LESBIAN





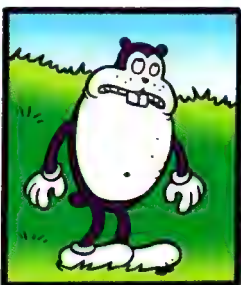
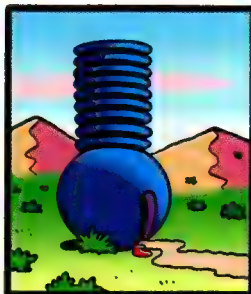
A TALE OF TWO SHITFIES

DEEN



FRANK'S FEAST

J.W.



© 1993 JIM WOODRING



**MANLEY MANN,
PRIVATE EYE! I NEED
YOUR HELP!**

**HE STOOD THERE, QUIVERING,
PALE -- A REAL SPECIMEN.**

**SPIT IT
OUT.**

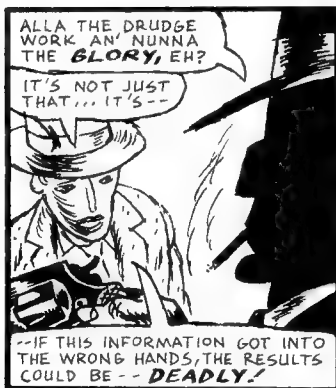
**MY NAME IS DOPPEL
GANGER. I'M A
BIOCHEMIST. FOR THE
PAST TEN YEARS I'VE
BEEN WORKING ON A
PROJECT OF MAJOR
IMPORTANCE!**



**BUT NOW MY --
MY COLLEAGUE
HAS STOLEN MY
NOTES, AND PLANS
TO CONTINUE
WITHOUT ME!**

**ALLA THE DRUDGE
WORK AN' NUNNA
THE GLORY, EH?**

**IT'S NOT JUST
THAT... IT'S --**



**--IF THIS INFORMATION GOT INTO
THE WRONG HANDS, THE RESULTS
COULD BE -- DEADLY!**

**ALL RIGHT, GANGER, YA SING
A PRETTY TUNE! WHAT SAY I
VISIT THIS COLLEAGUE A' YOURS
AN' SEE WHAT I CAN NOSE UP?**



**SPLENDID, MR. MANN.
HER NAME IS --**

-- DR. LABUSH!

OUI?

DR. LABUSH? I'M MANLEY MANN,
THE REPORTER WHO CALLED YOU
EARLIER. I'M WORKIN' ON A
STORY ABOUT BIOCHEMISTS.

AH, OUI,
MONSIEUR MANN.
PLEEZ COME
IN.

I KNEW HER TYPE, BEAUTIFUL -- BUT
DANGEROUS! I GAVE HER THE
USUAL QUESTIONS, AND SHE GAVE
ME THE USUAL ANSWERS.

WHEN I SLIPPED HER ONE
TO WATCH HER **SWEAT!**

BY THE WAY, DO YOU
KNOW A RESEARCHER
BY THE NAME A
POPPEL GANGER?

ZAT NAME EEZ
FAMILIAIRE
TO ME?

HER VOICE
WAS AS COLD
AS THE FRENCH
ALPS, AND SHE
SHOT A GLANCE
AT A FAT FILE
ON HER DESK.

SAY, UH, WHAT'S THAT BIG
FILE? SOMETHIN' **IMPORTANT**
I BET.

OH,
ZAT?

ZAT
EEZ... A
SECRETE!

SECRETS AN' ME DON'T GET ALONG, SO I PAID ANOTHER VISIT TO THE LADY DOC -- WHILE SHE WAS ASLEEP!



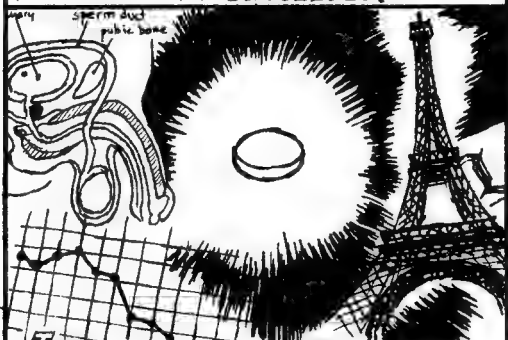
THE FILE WAS RIGHT ON HER DESK LIKE BEFORE. I GUESS THESE SCIENCE TYPES BELIEVE IN THE GOOD WILL OF THEIR FELLOW MAN!



WHEN I OPENED IT, MY EYES NEARLY POPPED OUTTA MY HEAD! NO WONDER GANGER WAS WORRIED--THIS COULD CHANGE THE WORLD AS WE KNOW IT!



SEEMS GANGER AND LABUSH HAD BEEN WORKIN' ON DEVELOPIN' AN ORAL CONTRACEPTIVE FOR MEN--AN' HAD SUCCEEDED!



THEY TESTED IT FOR YEARS IN FRANCE, AN' THE RESULTS WERE PHENOMENAL-- ONLY, THERE WERE THESE SIDE EFFECTS...

MEN IN BARS WERE OVERHEARD DISCUSSIN' PHILOSOPHY; VEGETARIANISM WAS ON THE RISE; AN' IN THE GOVERNMENT, PROPOSALS WERE BEIN' MADE TO CUT THE DEFENSE BUDGET, AN' SPEND MORE ON SOCIAL PROGRAMS!



DO NOT MOVE, PLEEZ.



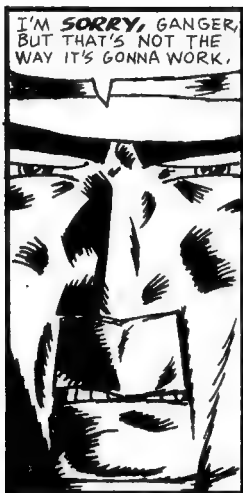
SO, DOC... THE CAT'S OUTTA THE BAG.



WIZ YOUR PLEASURE WE SHALL PUT IT BACK IN, NO?











NEWGARDEN



hurrah!



LIFE
...it's wacky!

LOOK
HOW BIG HIS NOSE IS!



"When I was a younger man I deeply cared for a woman who, although she enjoyed my company, would not respond to my efforts to engender a romantic context between us. However, when I retreated from frequent contact (which was ultimately less painful) there she would be with phone calls in the night, flirtatious asides, steel blue eyes, and two of Nature's better cheekbones supernaturally dropping and rising as she laughed the name of my soul. This pattern evolved into a sort of dance which we performed for over thirty-five years — a step east responded by a step west, likewise north and south and backward and forward and up and down, again and again. Meanwhile, I looked elsewhere, married, fathered four children (two of them highly paid professionals) and developed my own corporation from a modest egg delivery route in Rochester, N.Y., which I bought in the autumn of 1964. She married also and buried her husband, a concert pianist, in Easton, Pa., last year, shortly after the death of my wife, Elena. I loved this woman deeply for over thirty-six years and finally decided to take my stand. I requested her hand in marriage two weeks ago and, in answer to my prayers, she has agreed. She is going to be joining me here within ten minutes. I love this remarkable woman with all of my heart and soul. Please bring us both the fajitas."

© 1989 Mark Newgardner

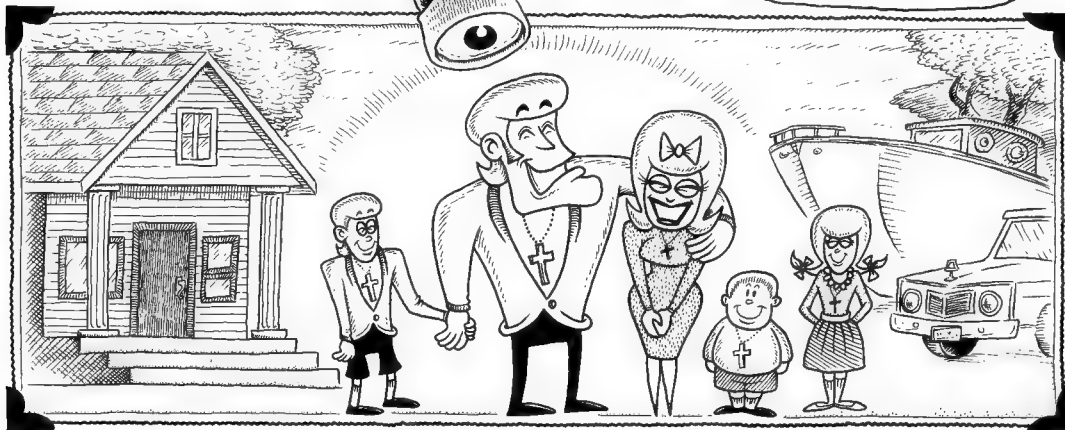


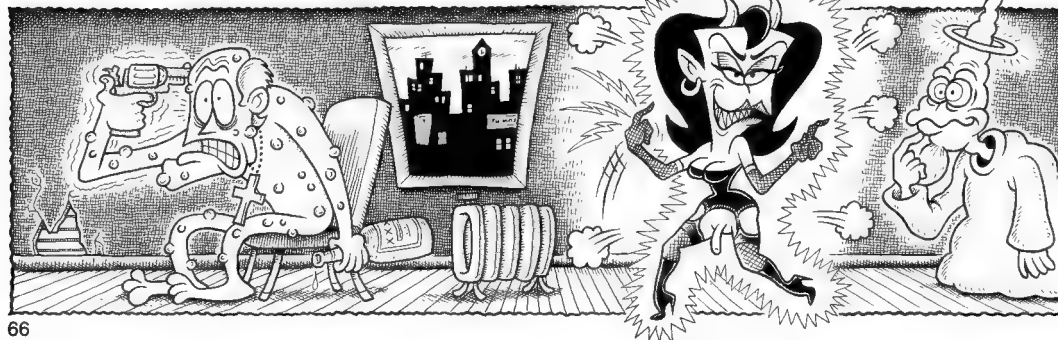
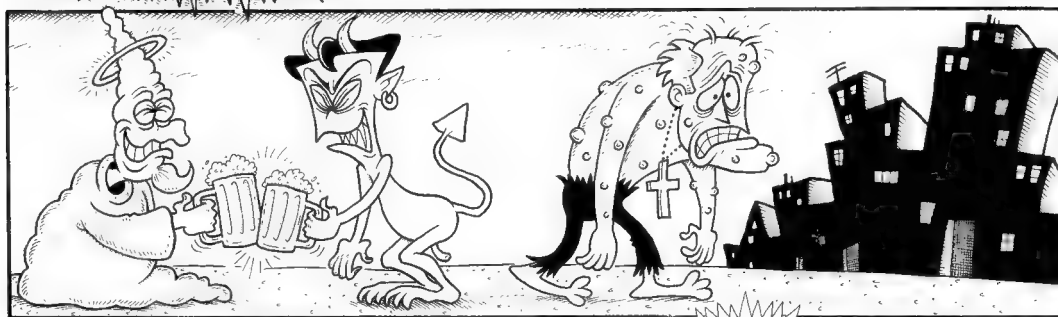
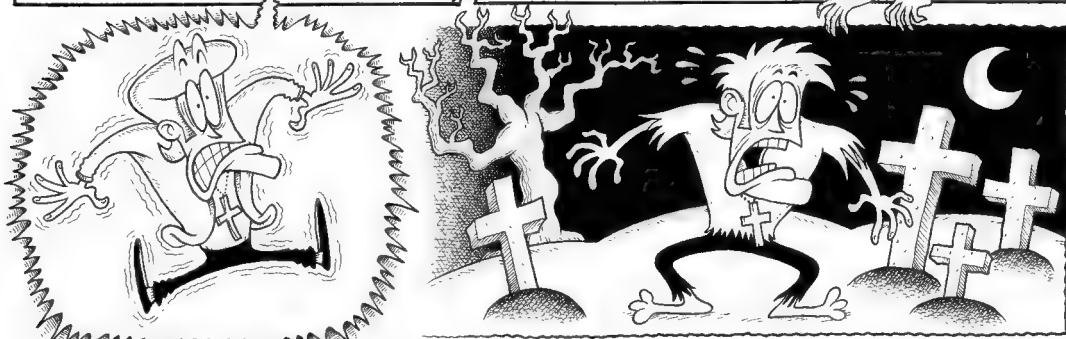
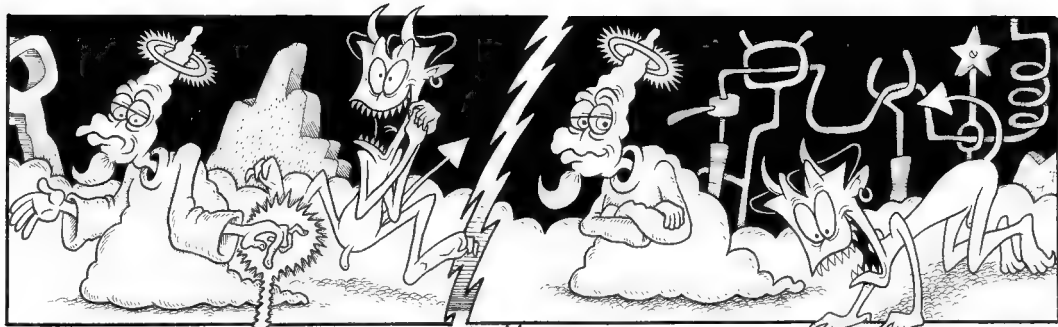
SMILE!

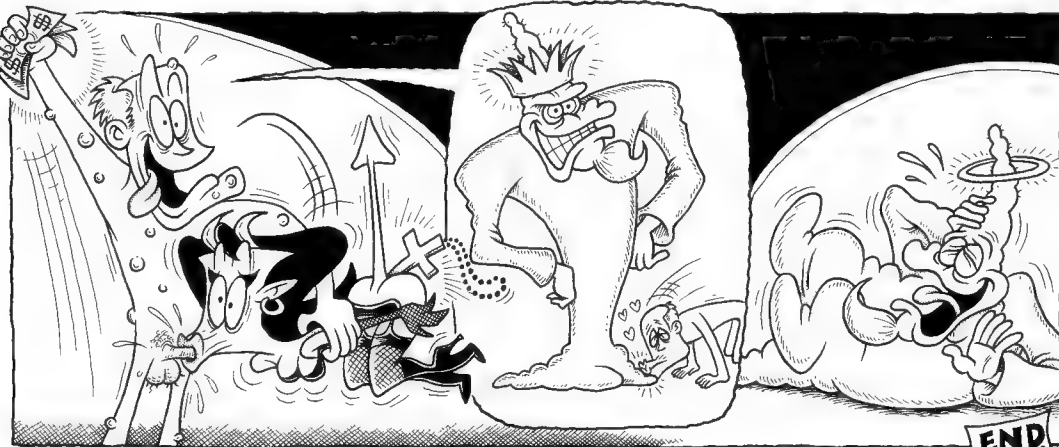
Damns
~~GOD LOVES YOU!!~~



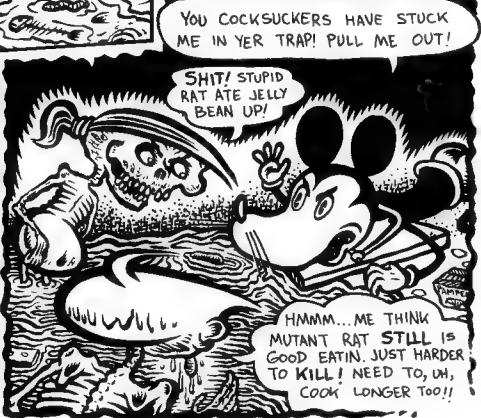
©'93 by J. WILLIAMS







END



WHERE THAT JELLY
BEAN, FUCKER RAT?!

AWK!
LEGGO,
YOU BRAT!

HMMM...
COULD FUCK
RAT IN ASS
BEFORE WE
COOK...

AHHH! YUM, JELLY BEAN BE
MOLDY BUT **REAL** GOOD! AH!!

WAIT! I
CAN SEE
BEAN!

HEH
HEH!

AARK!
WHAT THE?
LEAVE MY
PANTS ON!

YAAAA!!
NO! NOT
THAT! NO!
STOP P--
OOF!!

WHAT YOU DOIN'?
RAT SQUEELIN' LIKE
STUCK PIG!! OH!

= PUFFE
= PANTE

BURP!

OOOOOKK!

SPORE!

SNICKER!
OH THAT!

WHEN! RAT MAKE NOISE,
BUT ME CAN TELL HIM
NOT A VIRGIN!

I ILL
KILL
YOU
FOR
THIS!

So... HOW WE
KILL RAT FOR
COOKIN? CLUB?
STRANGLE? KICK?
SKIN? HANG?

HMMM.
NO.

GOT A GOODER IDEA.
USE RAT FOR BAIT...
TRAP US A BIG DOG!!
PLENTY MEAT! FILLING MEALS!!

WHAT A STROKE OF
LUCK! HA HA HA! LOOK AT
'EM SWARMING IN THE
SEWAGE! WE'LL EAT
GOOD TONIGHT!! HA HA!

I BETTER TAKE THESE ON BACK
TO THE COMPOUND IMMEDIATELY.
JESUS WILL BE PLEASED WITH
ME! HOWLELOOLYA! PRAISE THE
LORD! IT'S A MIRACLE!!

GOOD LORD!
LOOK AT THE
SIZE O' THESE
VERMIN!

POP!
POP!
POP!

END

Uncle Sol's

SUMMER JOB PROGRAM

JUSTIN GREEN, '93

OKAY, BABE!
I LOVE YOU, TOO.
SEE YOU
TONIGHT.

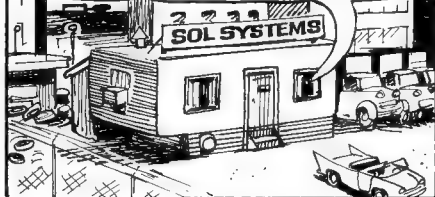
RIGHT NOW I
GOT A LITTLE
TOXICS PROBLEM.

SMOOCH



YEAH

TEEN JOB SQUAD? I
GOT AN EMPLOYMENT
OPPORTUNITY FOR 3 BOYS
WHO AIN'T AFRAID OF HARD WORK!



THE EMPLOYEE ORIENTATION

AWRITE LISTEN UP! IF SOME SNOOP
WANTS TO SEE YOUR "PERMIT," JUST
GIVE 'EM MY PHONE NUMBER, OKAY?



WHAT'S
DIS STUFF
FOR?

AW, JUST SOME
SAFETY CRAP.
DON'T WORRY
ABOUT IT.

NO
BIGGIE.



FU!

'SCUSE ME,
KIDS! MY
PRIVATE
LINE.



YEAH, BABE!
WHAT'S UP?

BEEF STROGANOFF?
THAT SOUNDS GREAT!

OKAY, I'LL BE
HOME BY 7!

GOTTA
RUN!



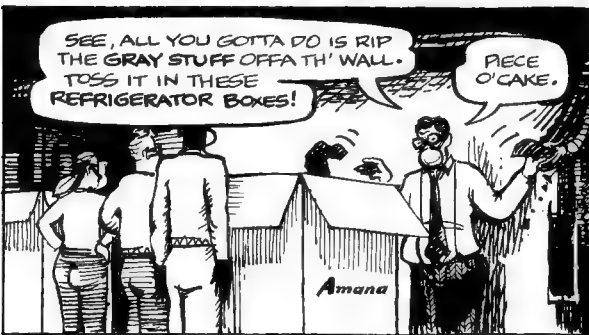
ON THE JOBSITE

THE COAST IS CLEAR.
LET'S DO IT TO IT!



SEE, ALL YOU GOTTA DO IS RIP
THE GRAY STUFF OFFA TH' WALL.
TOSS IT IN THESE
REFRIGERATOR BOXES!

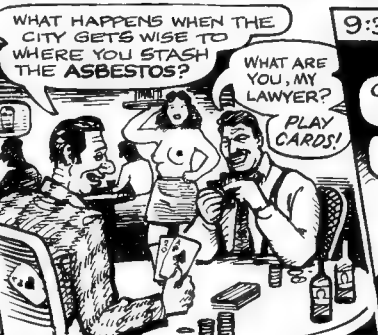
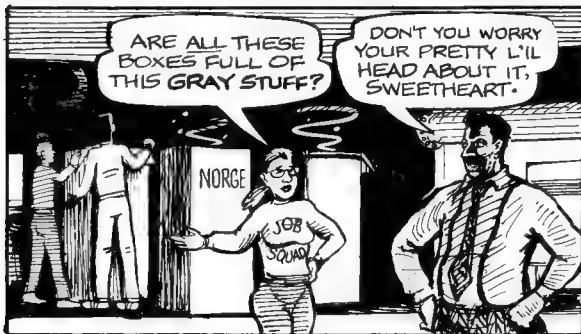
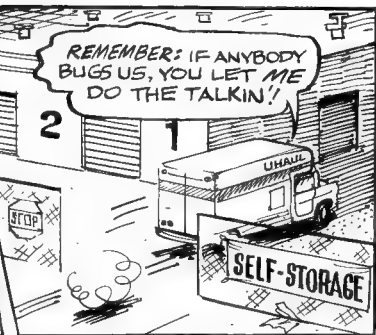
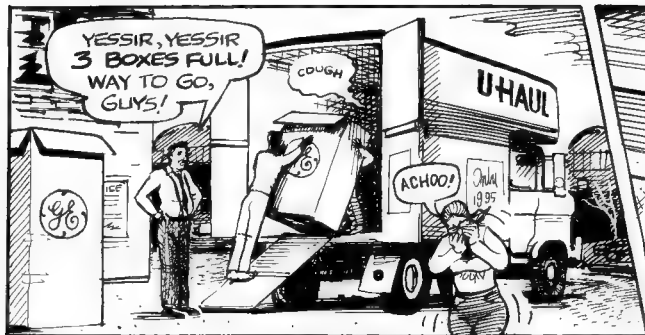
PIECE
O' CAKE.



COUGH!

I'LL BE
BACK IN
A COUPLE
OF HOURS.





TV WHITE NOW!



THE GUILTY GHOST Wasper

GEE, I'M SORRY

ESPECIALLY FOR MY

I SCARED MYSELF

I WOKE UP A DEAD WHITE MALE
I AM

THE END OF THE WHITE

MEAN, BAD, ... OTHERS

FEAR

LAND of 1000 FEARS

HATRED

100

430

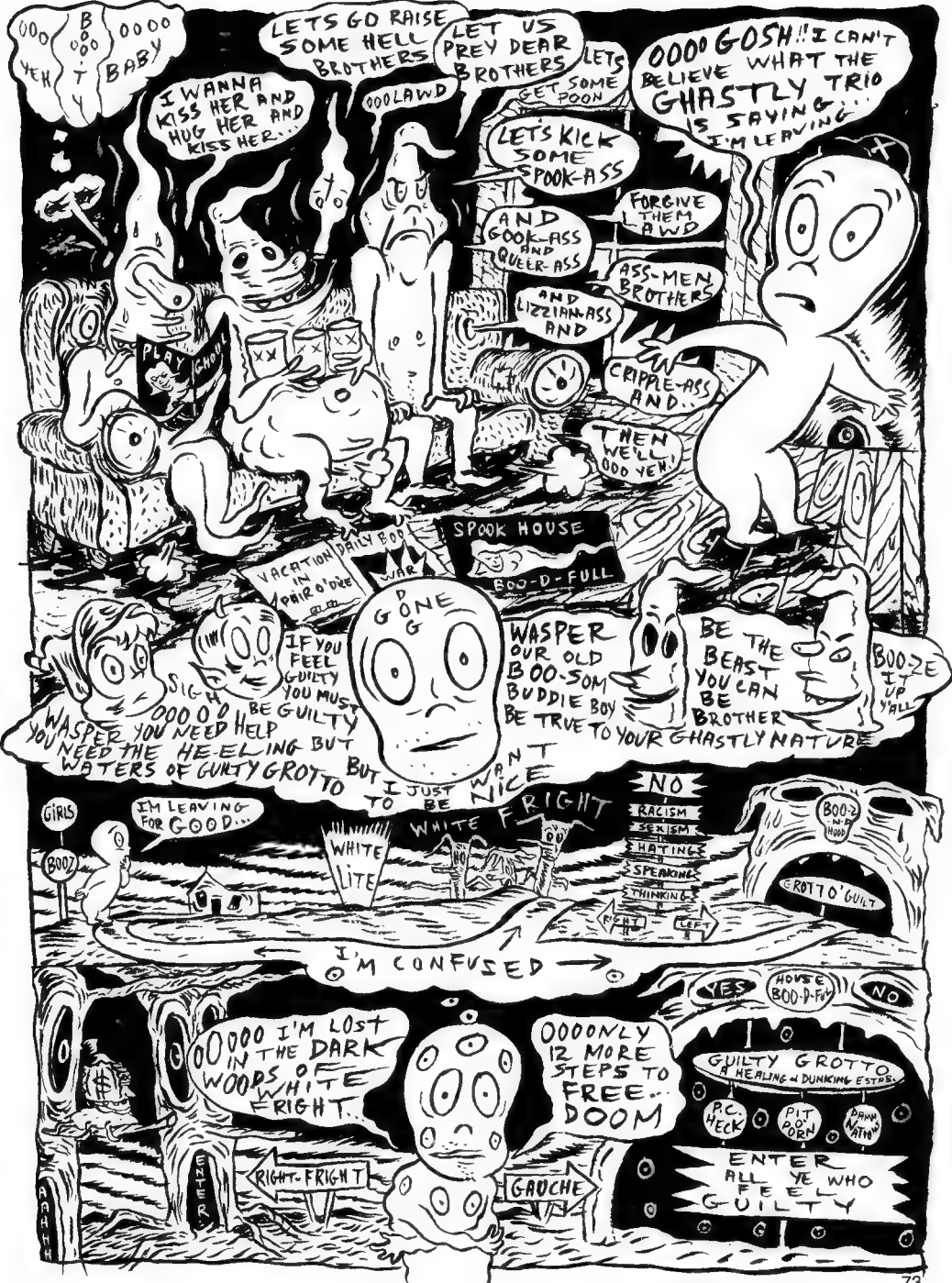
BABY

I

12

5

72



000 BABY
000 T
000 YEH

LET'S GO RAISE
SOME HELL
BROTHERS

LET US
PREY DEAR
BROTHERS

0000 GOSH!! I CAN'T
BELIEVE WHAT THE
GHASTLY TRIO
IS SAYING
I'M LEAVING

I WANNA
KISS HER AND
HUG HER AND
KISS HER...

000LAWD

LET'S KICK
SOME
SPOOK-ASS

AND
GOOK-ASS
AND
QUEER-ASS

FORGIVE
THEM
LAWD

ASS-MEN
BROTHERS

AND
LIZZIANASS
AND

CRIPPLE-ASS
AND...

THEN
WELL
000 YEH!

VACATION DAILY BOO
IN
PAIR 0000

SPOOK HOUSE
BOO-D-FULL

GONE
G
G

WASPER
OUR OLD
BOO-SOM
BUDDIE BOY
BE TRUE TO YOUR GHASTLY NATURE

BE THE
BEAST
YOU CAN
BE
BROTHER

BOOZE
I
UP
YALL

IF YOU
FEEL
GUILTY
YOU MUST
0000 BE GUILTY
WASPER YOU NEED HELP
NEED THE HEELING BUT
WATERS OF GURTY GROTTTO

BUT I JUST WANT
TO BE NICE
WHITE FRIGHT

NO
RACISM
SEXISM
HATING
SPEAKING
THINKING
RIGHT LEFT

BOOZE
GROTTTO GUILT

I'M LEAVING
FOR GOOD...

GIRLS
BOOZ

I'M CONFUSED

00000 I'M LOST
IN THE DARK
WOODS OF
WHITE FRIGHT

0000 ONLY
12 MORE
STEPS TO
FREE...
DOOM

YES HOUSE
BOO-D-FULL NO

GUILTY GROTTTO
A HEALING & DRUNKING ESTABL.

P.C. HECK PIT PORN DANK NATION

ENTER
ALL YE WHO
FEEL
GUILTY

RIGHT-FRIGHT

GAUCHE

WASPER DESCENDS DOWN INTO GUILTY GROTTO ... DOWN PAST H E C K ... PAST HATIES ... DOWN TO DAMN- NATIONS ...

I WENT
DOWN
IN A BURNING
RING OF FEAR

I SAID BAD

LOOKED

AT BAD

PICTURE

I DID

THE

WRONG THING

PIT O' PORN

PIT O' PATS

I WUZ RIGHT BLACK

I WUZ LEFT ... I WUZ WHITE

PIT O' FOOLS

I WUZ A RACIST ...

I LIKED WOMEN'S BODIES

GUILT- RIDDEN ... I WUZ MONO- CENTRIC

I WUZ A PALE PRIAPIC
PENIS PERSON

I WUZ A SINNER OF CONFUSION

I FEEL GOOD AND GUILTY
AND DAMN IT, THAT'S OK

DARKNESS

PIT O' ...

COLD N ...

SINNER ...

COLD W
COLD W
HEART
OF W
DARKNESS

I WUZ AFRAID
OF WOMEN
AFRAID OF LOVE
OF ME

I FEEL
DA- LITE
AND THAT'S OK

AFRAID OF
COMMIES LIBERALS
AFRAID OF
BLACKS

I WUZ
AFRAID OF
WHITES

PASSING THROUGH THE CATHARSIS OF DARKNESS.....

AAHHH.....

WASPER IS WASHED IN THE
RIVER OF DENIAL
FINDS HIS
INNER
FETUS
AND IS
UNBORN
AGAIN
IN...

AMOURICA

WOMB TO
SWEET
WOMB

YES, IT'S SO
NICE
IT COULD BE
PAIR O'DICE
A WHIRL
WITHOUT..
RACISM
SEX IS M
PEQUIL T
ETERNAL-ITE
VACATIONLAND
AMOURICA

N

LOVE
MOTEL

NEW MANAGEMENT LO

MOTEL

IMPROVED
Y'ALL
WELCOME

NO
MORE

DAMN
NATIONS

LUV IT
UP Y'ALL
COME
TOGETHER
Y'ALL

AND

COME
AGAIN

THIS IS
TRULY
GHOSTLY

THANK
BLZ BUBBA
IT'S
JUST A
DREAM

WE'LL
BE
BACK

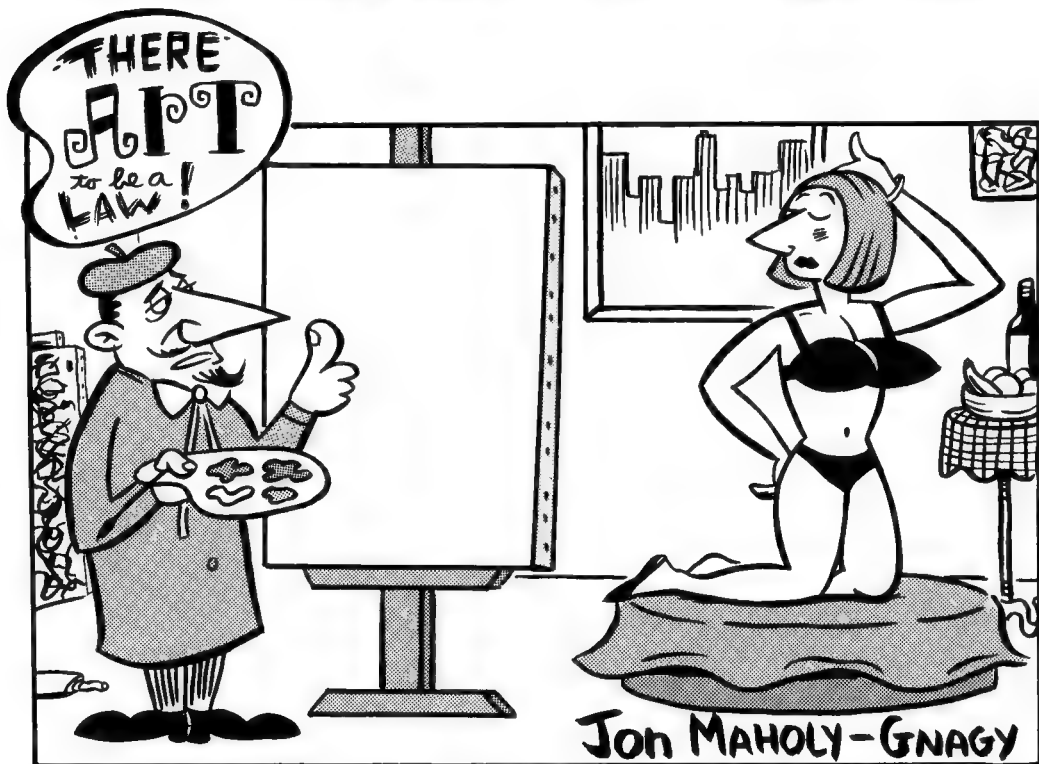
WAKE
UP
DANNY
BOY



NEXT WEEK... RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD WHITE MALES...

NEWGARDEN

➡ hurrah!



Jon MAHOLY-GNAGY

"To paint is to see. To paint is to love. To paint is to dance with small barefoot Gypsy children by the Seine in the moonlight. To paint is to fly, to grow, to skip, to soar. To paint is to drink of life to its fullest, gaily imbibing the bubbly froth of its rushing whirlwinds and swift black eddys. To paint is to dream. To dare. To swallow one's very soul. To run naked in the streets with a loaded revolver, shooting randomly and murdering only those named "Jordan Bochanis". To paint is to raise honeybees outside of Deauville, to swim by night with a school of dolphins, to make love to a Turkish princess in a snug foxhole in the rain. To paint is to chart the song of the wild hummingbird, to surgically remove one's own prostate with a golf club, to consume a stalk of fresh young celery before an audience of six hundred rhubarbs. Ah! To paint! To paint is to knot one's own sexual organ to a slow-moving uptown bus, to re-shape a sleeping gnat's profile with a Panzer tank, a pumice stone, a matchbook and an expired library card. To paint is to jump up and down on a small, dear childhood friend. To paint is to watch, to listen, to whisper the unknowable. To paint is to grill in Hades for one eternity, only to be alleviated in the next by the sweet cool ash swept in by a fragile, nearly imaginary gust. To paint is to call. To paint is to be called. To paint is to insert forty-seven spoons in one's anus and ride the Wonderwheel backward for sixteen hours. To paint is to catch the rooster. To paint is to boil the lucky veal. To paint is to speak the name of the otter's disorder. To paint is to soar to the end of time on the wings of some unimaginably mauve butterfly only to be dropped headfirst into a cup of lukewarm bullion at a Nedick's in Scranton. To paint is to be both parent and child, lawyer and criminal, horse and carriage, Stovetop stuffing and mashed potatoes. To paint is to consume a sideorder of slaw while porking a Rockette on a ceiling fan at the Taj Mahal. To paint is to reap the wild Naugahyde. With you beside me, Mimi, my dearest, I will once again find the courage to realize my fullest. To go on. To live. To love. To die. To paint. But first I have to go out and move the car."



by Thom Metzger

Lo! I was the uncrowned, uncrowded King of Disco! I was a brilliant flame burning on the dance floor, a white hot light no female could resist. They fought to be my partner, out there on the throbbing floor: women in cat costumes, chrome push-bras, shimmering shifts, slinky pink silk, rayon, quinna, every rarefied fraction of petroleum converted to delight my fingers and my eyes. Pink, pink, pink: flickering pink targets for my white-out bone.

I was Lord of all I surveyed. The beat exploded at my feet, every step a land mine of ultra-modern rhythm. It was a perfect time, the Millennium of perfection on this world, when Heaven descended, when the music never stopped, when every woman was my mate, my fate, my bride, my smooth ride.

I was love incarnate, the celestial rooster, the cosmic cock crowing the fall of night, every night, night after night.

But of course it couldn't go on forever. The doom that finally found me, touched me, held me in its arms, was implicit from the day of my ascension, the day of my birth, from the very beginning of time. It lay in wait, in utero, deep in the body.

At that time, no matter where I went I was connected, hooked in direct and bionic to the universal pulse. The bass drum thumped squarely on every beat. The hi-hat was there too waking or sleeping, barking like a sexy cyborg dog. I could walk down any street, into any chic boutique, in my city, the capital of Dreamland, and there it would be: the beat that beat in everyone's veins. From every passing car, every stoop, every apartment window it came, it came, it came. Can't stop the music. Can't stop the King. Can't stop it. Can't stop.

But everyone, no matter how glorious their achievement, will one day be eclipsed. And that of course gives the bitter-sweet savor to any moment of triumph. It would have been logical, understandable, even acceptable if I'd been deposed on the dance floor. If at the height of my

powers, the next King of Disco stepped forward onto the irradiating dance floor, poised seductively and announced – with the mere thrust of his hips and the slick sheen of his hair – that here was the next step in Disco evolution, the Uber Travolta!

Skin Tight! Macho Man! I AM WHAT I AM! Yes, yes I had the look, flame red jump suit with the shirt unbuttoned to the navel, heavy gold chains on my ultra-hairy chest. I wore jungle-print nylon bikinis. Skin Tight! And lo, it was good, very good.

In those last few weeks of my earthly reign – when doom waited for me like a pregnant moon just below the horizon – I made my rounds night after night, doing to all as I'd have them do unto me. I was the Widow's Friend, the flying Dutchman, Good Head, the boogie Man lurking in the closet hard as ice, twelve inches of grooved vinyl excitement.

It was a night like many other nights, when I received my first hint of what was to come.

I'd been out dancing and woke near dawn to find myself in an apartment – the 100th, 200th, 500th, I'd long before stopped counting – that I did not recognize. My bride of the night lay face down on the pearl-white sateen sheets, the moon painting her naked with sliver light. She was perfect, as they all were. Just a glance, a touch of my exquisitely-manicured fingers and they all became goddesses, or at least mortals with the divine spark incarnated in their hearts.

Her legs were long and lean. The curve of her spine matched exactly the curve of my Heaven Bone. Her twin glories were the stuff of angel's dreams. But to talk of her as body parts separated one from another is unfair and inaccurate. She was a whole, a oneness, a form of flawless harmony.

I got out of bed quietly and went to the window. Snow fell on the street, making the silence complete. No foot prints marred the whiteness below. We might have flown,



transported by our desire, directly from the Palace where I reigned to her rooms. I don't remember going there, but it must have been like every other time: groping in the back of the taxi, stuporous stumbling up the stairs, clothes falling away like leaves in autumn, the long hours of sweet traction, rise and fall, the extended mix.

But when I looked back at the bed where she lay, still as a marble statue, I saw a trickle of darkness. A thin line of scarlet ran between her glazed cakes and in that instant the Cleft of Heaven became the Crack of Doom.

I stood transfixed. The moon's light seemed suddenly to swell, burning x-rays through my flesh. I was instantly weightless, and the body on the bed seemed to have more mass than the entire world.

The rivulet of crimson flowed on. I stared a while longer, as though by strength of will I might make time run backward and undo my deed. But of course I failed.

I grabbed my clothes, dressed without paying the least attention to how I looked and ran for the street.

At the first corner I saw an enforcement aid standing sentry, stark matte black with puffs of snow on each shoulder as epaulets and a tiny crown of white on top of his head. His eyes were hidden by the chrome visor. He didn't turn as I hurried by, but I knew he'd seen me, he'd noted my presence, he knew where I'd been and what I'd done.

I spent most of the day bobbing in and out of sleep. I had had special shades made months before, designed to keep out every iota of light, but able to let in a small amount of air from the outside.

When I finally came back to consciousness, sloughing off the rag-ends of dreams, the room was near freezing. My mirrors were all glazed with bluish frost. The carpet crunched under my bare feet. The scalding jet of my shower sent huge billows of steam into the next room.

I ate lightly, cold mu shu pork from a pasteboard container, and dressed. But unlike all the times before, I felt little joy in my preparations. I looked fine, extra-fine. I made sure not one hair was out of place. I was sleek as an icicle in my ultra-slim trousers and silver lamé vest. But the pleasure was gone.

I took a taxi to the Palace and made my entrance as I had a hundred times before. The doorman bowed low as I got out of the cab. He lifted up the thick velvet rope and winked as I passed. And though I winked back and made a sly remark which brought a smile to his lips, the feeling was not the same. Everything, absolutely everything, had changed overnight.

The DJ announced my presence, chanting my name along with a drum break. A bank of fog rose from the floor, as if the club itself was acknowledging my entrance, saying in effect "Now the true partying can begin, our Lord and Master has arrived." The huge mirrored ball over the main floor spun faster and shot out a salvo of light. I smelled hormones and pheromones, liquor and sweat and overcooked flesh, as I took my place and selected my first partner.

Bus Stop, Hustle, Gotham Strut, Space Invader, The Offender: there were no steps that I didn't make mine and transform in my own image.

My first partner orbited around me, the billows of her skirt a cloud of primal glory. We moved like greased angels. She was wet, ready for the master stroke right then and there. But I had other mortal flesh to grace and elevate – if only for a moment or two – before I made my final selection for the night.

Hor Stuff. Le Freak. Shadow Dancing. Kiss You All Over. Pick Up the Pieces. Funky Worm.

The music surged in and through us. The beat grabbed me by the crown jewels and the hypothalamus and didn't let go until I'd staggered out of the club hand in hand with a girl I'm sure I'd never seen before, yet who had that strange familiarity of someone first met on the astral plane.

We got a cab, zoomed through the swirling snow – weightless flakes now dancing as we'd danced – and arrived at her place so quickly I thought she'd somehow bent time to her will, excising frames from the film that was our life. One instant I piled in the cab with her, groping her through the sheer material of her blouse, and an instant later we were in her bedroom, tearing at each other like starved cannibals, fighting to see who would be the diner and who the diner.

I forced her down on the bed. She growled into the pillow, making the dark air cry. Face low and buttocks high, she made a pearly S-curve. Pinch of elastic at the thighs, and cinching bite of snakeskin at her waist. Bent down, she was plumped and round, a shiny shiny beast. Pale as milk in a frozen glass, sleeker than the shine on her own cornea. My narrow hips leaned into the part, meeting the melted ice between her thighs. Bright, like mercury, in the lust-light.

Hands deep in her thigh flesh.

Meat falling in steamy slices from the bone.

Eyes half-closed, dulled by pleasure.

Bare teeth, gleaming.

A snout deep in the trough.

The long brown eye wept, laughing.

Again, it was near dawn when I woke. This time my bride lay on her back, her eyes open, staring up at the ceiling. She was even more beautiful to me than in my earlier, frenzied state. And though I'd been fully sated, again and again gorged at her bestial banquet, just one look and I was hungry again. I could still taste her far back in my throat. I smelled her oceanic scent deep inside my skull. But I didn't touch her again, ever again. I didn't touch her.

I spent a while in the mirror, inspecting my face for lines, wrinkles, any sign of age. Then heading for the bathroom, I got another, better, look at her. At the place where her long ice cream cool thighs met, a brilliant red mark throbbed, a stigmata shedding its own light. Pain stabbed deeply into me, a cold blade entering at my groin. Miles away a siren rose, shrieking like a mandrake. It headed my way, a scarlet globe on top, shooting spikes of harsh light identical to those emitted by the wound in her, and in my, sex.

I was dressed in an instant, running through the snow, trying to find my way home before the sun came up and exposed me like a pus-white insect when its rock shelter is pulled away.

I was lost, and abandoned, running into blind alleys, across humming railroad tracks, through streets where the siren seemed to incarnate itself as a swarm of locusts hunting for me.

I hailed a taxi but they all whizzed by me as though I were invisible. I ran and lurched and stumbled and at last fell to the ground and lay in a pile of snow that was wonderfully white, clean and untouched by any human hand. There was no coldness to the snow

I held a handful and it didn't melt. I put it in my mouth and it didn't hurt my teeth or gums.

"Can I help you?" Looking up, I saw an aid towering nearby. His breath came in long metallic rasps. His voice rang like a huge bell in an abandoned cathedral tower.

I shook my head frantically, dumb, a little boy caught with his hands where they shouldn't be. The aid clanked toward me, a moving monolith with the law emblazoned on his chest.

The sun lurked near the horizon. I felt weak; a cold hand held me by the groin.

Swallowing my panic, I got up slowly and nodded to the aid. I don't know what I told him, but I've always been a good liar. He went back to his position, a huge chess piece waiting to be moved again.

I brushed off the snow, which had finally started to melt on my skin, and found my way home.

Forgoing a shower or food, I plunged directly into bed and didn't wake until the sun's awful presence had once again vanished from the planet.

I had to return to the Palace; there was no other option. But for the first time in my life as King of Disco, I was afraid to go there. Something, someone was waiting for me, already on the dance floor, or perhaps riding the air currents as an angel rides the dark nothing between the stars.

Still, Fate said "Go" and I went.

At first glance, all was the same: the fawning doorman, the star-eyed admirers. Again the

DJ announced my presence and for an instant all was silence at the Palace. The music vanished. The chatter and rattle of glasses disappeared. Even the throb of my heart died. All eyes were directed at me. Then the sound system roared back to life, the



bodies freed themselves from their instant of stasis, and my final bride, she who was destined to reign with me that night, emerged from the chaos of perfumed flesh.

The dancers pulled back, a Red Sea parting so that I could strut direct and nonstop to her. She was all in chrome: jumpsuit, platform shoes, crown-like hairdo. Even her skin had a metallic tinge to it. But she was no man-made being. At the moment our hands touched I was sure of that. She was woman born of woman, the first and the last, my alpha and my omega.

As we began our first number, snow fell inside the Palace, artificial flakes that piled in drifts around our feet, which billowed upward in slow clouds, which stuck in her hair, on her cheek, on her eyes lashes, melting to tears.

Too Much Heaven! Contact! Hot Stuff! Stay in Alive!

She was fine, by far the best dancer I'd ever seen, matching me step for step, pose for pose, synched with me the way only a man and his mirror can be. Not even a nanosecond elapsed before she reacted to my slightest move. It was indeed Heaven, the ultimate in Disco experiences.

But of course it had to end.

As if by merely picturing it in my mind, we were instantly on the sidewalk, waiting for a cab. Just as abruptly, the taxi was gliding as a submarine might plummet through oceanic depths toward her place. Bulbous, shimmering shapes played around us. The light stretched, contracted, snapping like rubber bands against the side of the taxi. The thump of the disco beat sounded infinitely far away, a sonar pulse barely penetrating the inky abyss.

Then we shot upward. The doors hissed open, another couple-wearing tatters, stinking deliciously of sweat, seed and saliva – stumbled into the little elevator and we fell directly to her bed.

My fingers played her harp, making animal music, Bristle-stickled, the salt scents burned like bitter smoke from a furnace mouth. She came up for air, smiling like a sated snake. The heat rose, spiraled. We turned, cooking slowly on the invisible axis.

Too much, crammed full. Baby lips reached for the nipple, two blind mouths fought for the tiny bone. Greasy thermometer shaft slid in, slid out, slid in and exploded, firing the angry red bullet. Magic bullet, love's bud, tongue-tip, red slug from her pretty little gun. Now hard and glistening.

Ruby lip friction.

Juices crackling in the flame.

Fumes gyring upward, bending the foundry light.

Monkey grip fingers, tightening the bolt.

And the mold – an egg hypergestated by our monstrous bodyheat – cracked. Where her downy V had been now a jutting chrome shaft. Seam along the underside, head upturned, peering through one glazed eye. She reached between my legs and pointed, her fingers now smeared red.

The Moon, I realized suddenly, had been watching us the entire time, peeking through the window, huge and smug. Its hook snagged deep in my insides, piercing the organs I'd abandoned, forgotten, when I'd become the King of Disco. An invisible thread connected the hook through the window, through the miles of black vacuum, to the leering lunar orb. Now that the truth was made manifest, the Moon pulled back slightly and I was jerked along with it. And blood flowed heavily down my leg. My bride nodded, as if to say, "It's mine now, all mine." I couldn't deny it. She'd taken my crown, my kingdom, and my specter.

She was the new King of Disco.

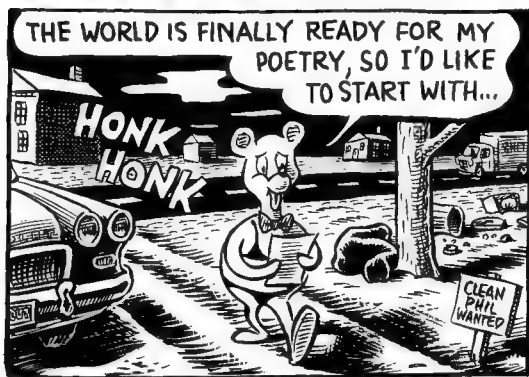
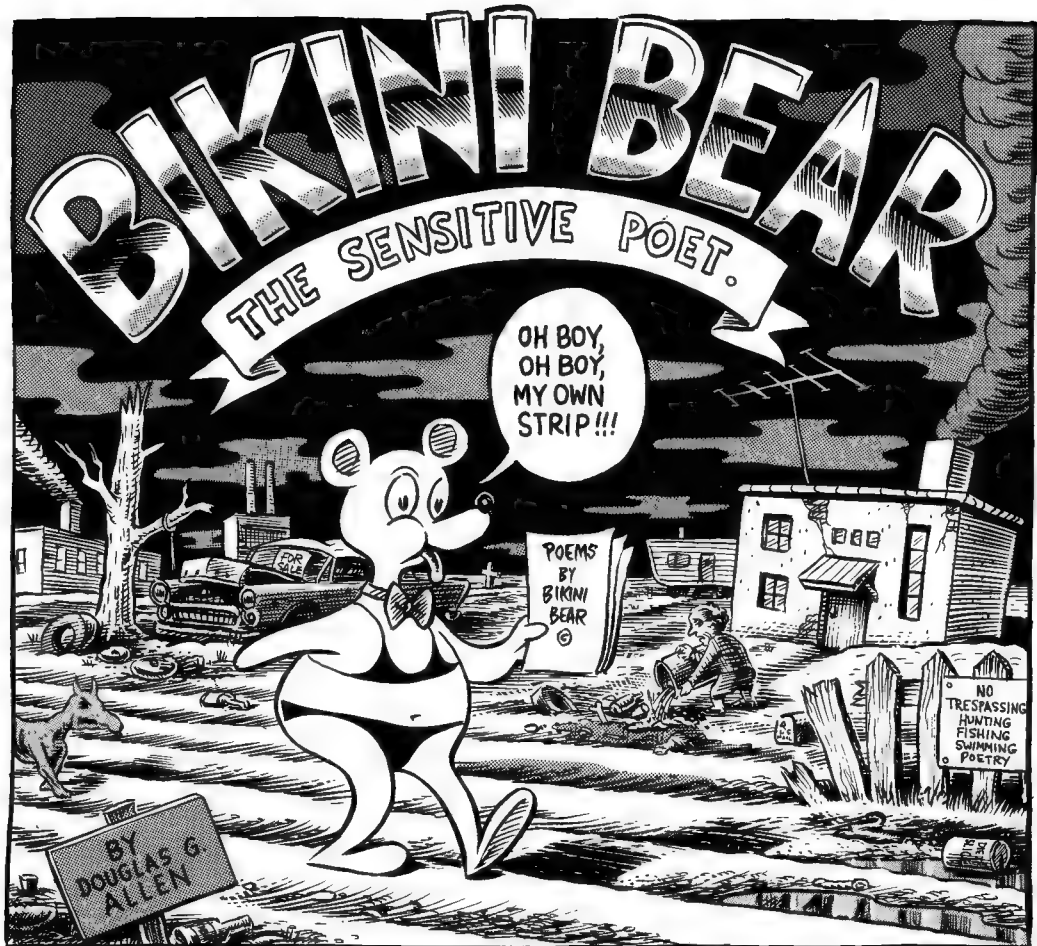
And I? Who and what was I now? The Moon had me like a fish. I'd swallowed the hook, voluntarily taken it deep into my throat. Now like all the brides before me, month after month I'd look up at the sky and feel the Moon's motherly pull.

My last bride – I could still call her that until she walked me to the door and gave me her benediction kiss – my bride looked better than I'd ever looked. I felt close to tears, her image was so perfect. She wore it well. Proud, confident, glowing with newly-gotten power. She'd made the transformation, as I had, and was eager for her reign to begin.

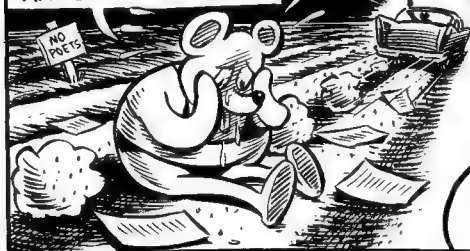
Now that I was like all the women, my half-a-thousand-brides, there was absolutely no shame in kneeling and kissing the smokyhot tip of the One True Disco Scepter. She nodded again, accepting me and the gesture, then gave a silent blessing and I was gone.

Now I can go by day again. The sun's light does not effect me in any way. I feel no corrosive pain when its rays touch my skin. I can walk the streets like anyone, past the enforcement aids, smile prettily for them, even put a flirtatious switch in my stride. I can throw back my hair, pout, cock my head. I can do what no King of Disco can do. The sun is no foe, and the Moon is no friend. We are now simply servant and mistress. It calls and I respond, month after month. It hangs heavy in the sky and I walk lightly on this earth, her slave, yet free.





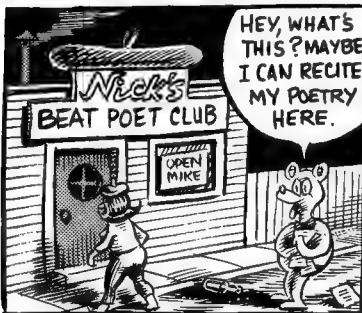
BAWL, CRY, THIS ISN'T HOW MY STRIP IS SUPPOSED TO GO. THIS SHOULD BE A FORUM FOR MY ARTISTIC EXPRESSION.



CAN WE START OVER AGAIN?

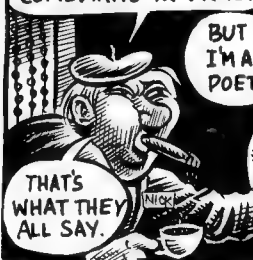


ANY POET MUST HAVE IDEAL CONDITIONS TO CREATE.



HEY, WHAT'S THIS? MAYBE I CAN RECITE MY POETRY HERE.

SORRY, NO FRUITY COMEDIANS IN DRAG.



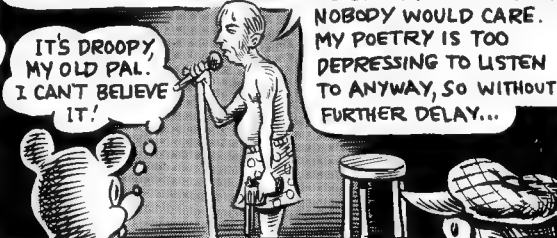
THAT'S WHAT THEY ALL SAY.

IT'S REALLY DARK IN HERE



HELLO EVERYONE. WE HAVE SOME TALENT FOR YOU TONIGHT, BUT FIRST, HERE'S... DROOPY DRAWERS

THANK YOU NICK. IT'S OKAY TO BE HERE TONIGHT, BUT NOW I'M WONDERING IF I SHOULD KILL MYSELF. NOBODY WOULD CARE.



IT'S DROOPY, MY OLD PAL. I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!



OH NO! IVE GOT TO GO



BLAM

STAGE DOOR

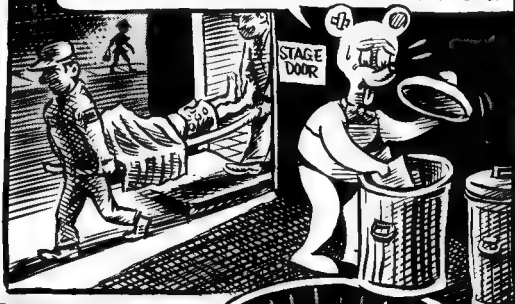
BUT, MY POETRY! I DIDN'T GET MY TURN.

QUEF

I GIVE UP. BEING A POET IS TOO DIFFICULT AND DANGEROUS



I'M THROWING AWAY ALL THIS POETRY NEVER TO WRITE AGAIN... CRY. BAWL



HEY, THIS STUFF ISN'T BAD!



WHO SAID THAT?

I DID!



WHO ARE YOU?

I'M AN ANCHOVY ON A PIZZA NOBODY WANTED



THANK YOU FOR SUBMITTING YOUR WORK.



THROWING IT AWAY? MAYBE YOU DIDN'T KNOW THAT I'M A TALENT AGENT.

AGENT?

YES. YOU'RE LUCKY YOU RAN INTO ME.



BUT I WAS JUST THROWING IT AWAY.

I CAN GET YOU THE EXPOSURE YOU NEED. COME WITH ME!

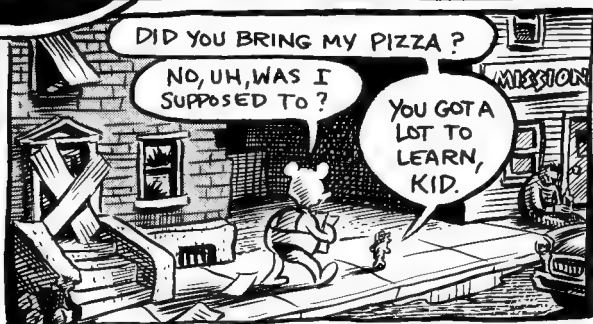


OH BOY!

DID YOU BRING MY PIZZA?

NO, UH, WAS I SUPPOSED TO?

YOU GOT A LOT TO LEARN, KID.





DOUG'N' GARY'S

WITH Mr. Blunt

Shamrock Squid

'TIS NOTHIN BETTERN
A NICE
PETATAH

DON'T EVEN THINK
ABOUT IT, SQUID.

LEAVE HIM
ALONE!

IT'S ME, MR.
BLUNT.

WHO
SAID
THAT?

AND YOU'D COME
BETWEEN A SQUID
AND HIS SPUD?

THERE'S MORE TO
LIFE THAN STARCHY
TUBERS, MR. SQUID.

C'MON, LET'S GO
FOR A SWIM.

I CANNOT SWIM
BUT YOU'RE OF
THE OCTOPUS FAMILY

YES

'JAMS'

I NEVER LEARNED,
BECAUSE I GREW UP
ON LAND.

THAT'S NO EXCUSE
FOR BEIN' A MEAN
NO GOOD OLD
SHIT.

JUST JUMP IN THE
WATER AND TRY.

SOB

SOB

SUCH LOVELY FISH, OY.

I CAN DRINK
LIKE A FISH,
BUT I'LL NOT
VISIT 'EM
I DARE YOU

OKAY,
I'LL GET
YOU
POTATO!

LATER

A SQUID
DROWNED TODAY
BECAUSE OF YOU,
MR. BLUNT.

NO, IT'S
YOU WHO IS
SURELY TO
BLAME.

YOU SUCK!

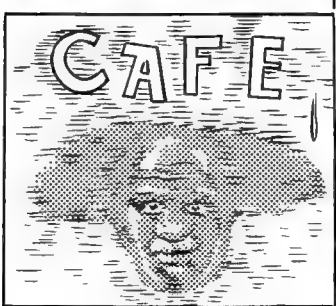
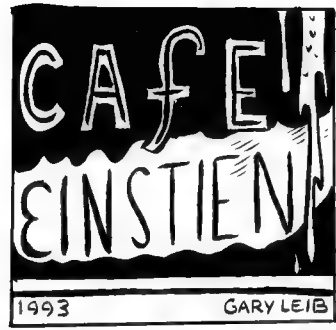
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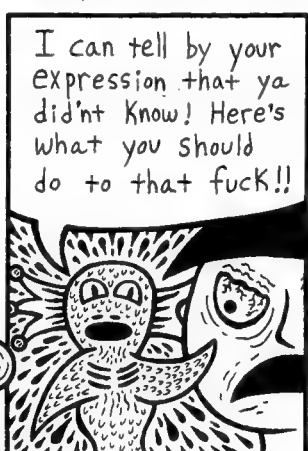
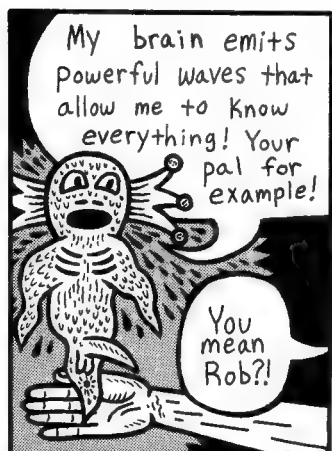
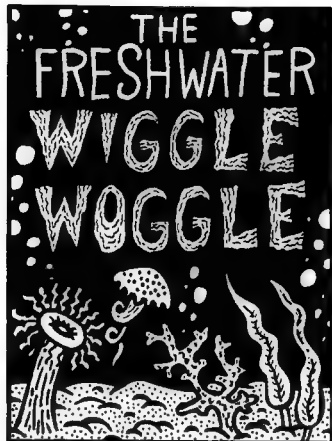
BARNYARD ENVY

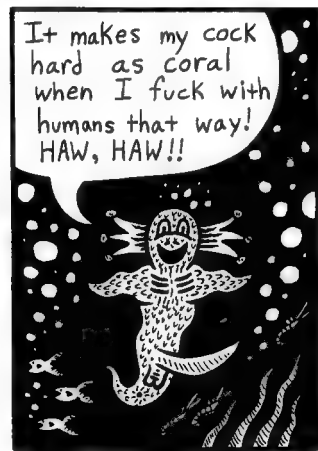
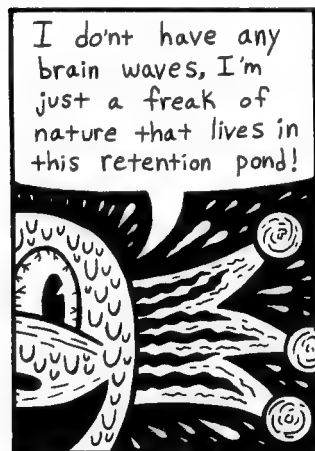
KENNEDY FRIED CHICKEN

GARY LEIB
93
DOUG ALLEN











NEWGARDEN

➡ hurrah!



I'm a fairly patient man
But I can't stand to see
Slow old ladies
walk in front of me
Where do they go?
Why are they here?
Have they been walking
All their lives?
Have men ever loved them?
Have men ever hated them?
Have men ever loved them?
Where do they keep their toys?

Do they walk the earth forever?
Time-lapse incrementally?
Step-by-step.
Inch-by-inch
Since they were new and free?
I'm a very caring guy
But I just can't see
Why slow old ladies
Were put in front of me.
Were they poetry in motion?
Did young turks turn their
heads?
Why are they in front of me?
And not home in their beds?

When I'm on my way to
somewhere new
And I have to get there fast
In front of me
is Mrs. Tree
And I just can't get past.
I'd love to buy each one some
wheels
Attach them to their feet,
And let them run
with cars and trucks
in the middle of the street.

Where do they go?
Why are they here?
Have they been walking
All their lives?
Have men ever loved them?
Have men ever hated them?
Have men ever loved them?
Where do they keep their toys?

MARK NEWGARDEN

BAM-BAM MONKEY TIME!



THINGS HAD GONE FROM BAD TO ROTTEN. LOST JOB, NO DOUGH, AND AN ITCH THAT HAD TO BE SCRATCHED. HE HAD TO GET SOME RELIEF!



HEY, MONKEY! WANNA BUY SOME DOT, MAN?

ANYTHING AT ALL WOULD HELP, EVEN A TASTE FROM THE CORNER JUNKIE!



SWEAR TO GOD MAN, TOADS THE SIZE OF A FUCKIN' COLLIE!

BUT IT WAS NO FUN, AND HE DID NOT LIKE COLLIE DOGS!



HELLO!

THEN HE MET REGGIE AND BUNNY. THEY LIKED HIM. THEY TOOK HIM HOME. THEY PLAYED... ALSO!



ROLLIN'

HOT, HOT MONKEY LOVE-OOH BABY, OOH BABY! THINGS WERE REALLY LOOKING UP



I SWORE I WOULDN'T SAY ANYTHING TO ANYONE.



AS SHE PUSHED IT OUT OF HER

I ALMOST JUMPED OFF THE BED.

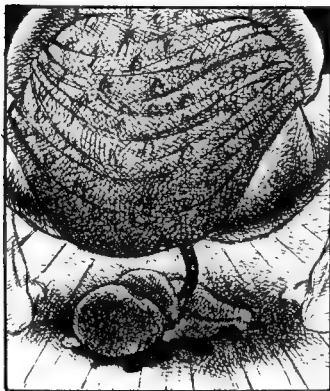
I COULD SEE ITS HEAD WAS
GOING TO HIT THE FLOOR.



I WAS THE ONLY ONE
THAT KNEW ...

... AND I HAD TO KEEP IT
IN AND HIDE IT.

JUST LIKE SHE DID.



SHE LOOKED AT IT AS IF SHE DIDN'T
KNOW THAT WOMEN COULD KEEP
THESE THINGS INSIDE THEM.



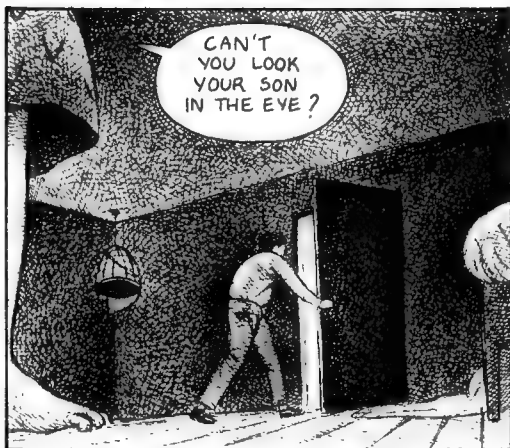
SHE PICKED IT UP, GAVE IT
A SHAKE, AND IT BEGAN
TO CRY.



IT WAS CRYING SO LOUD... ..THAT I FELT...



...LIKE I WAS BEING
CRUSHED.



I WENT BACK TO MY APARTMENT
WHERE I LOCKED MYSELF IN.



I LIT SOME CANDLES SO AS NOT TO
FEEL ALONE.



I CLOSED MY EYES AND I TRIED
TO FORGET .I'VE BECOME AN
EXPERT AT IT .



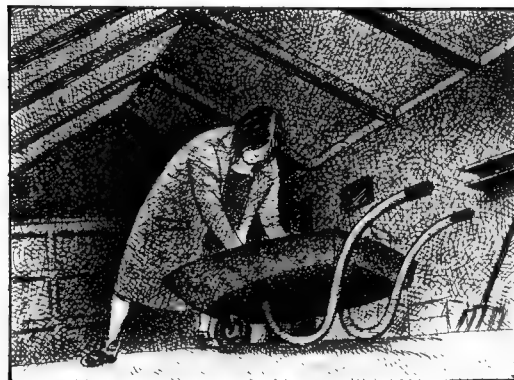
I USE A TECHNIQUE I'VE MASTERED; WITH
MY EYES CLOSED I CONCENTRATE ON THE
SPOTS ...

... THAT FLASH ON THE THICK DARK
SCREEN BEHIND MY EYELIDS .



I CONCENTRATE UNTIL I CAN MAKE
OUT AN IMAGE OF A CLEAN WHITE
CANVAS.

I IMAGINE THAT I DRAW A SHARP
LINE ; STARTLING IN PRECISION AND
ELEGANCE . A FLAWLESS START TO ANOTHER
MASTERPIECE!



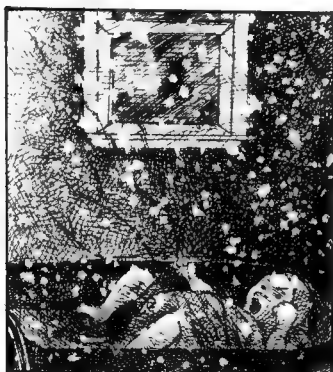
I IMAGINE MY HAND MOVING OVER THE CANVAS . COVERING IT WITH LINES ...



... UNTIL I FALL ASLEEP.



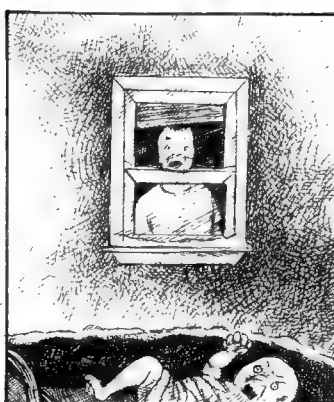
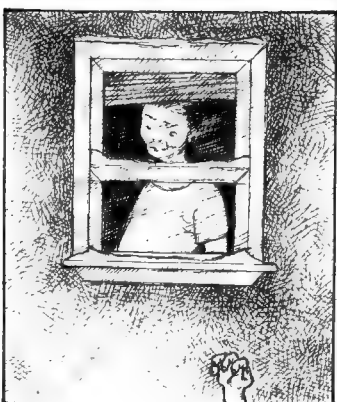
THE NEXT MORNING I WOKE UP , WALKED OVER TO THE WINDOW AND ROLLED UP THE SHADES . IT HAD SNOWED .



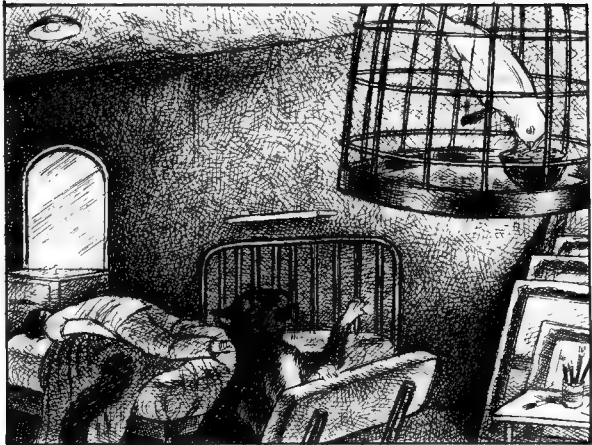
I FELT LIKE ALL THAT WHITE HAD CREATED A NEW WORLD FOR ME ...



... WITH NEW PEOPLE AND THE PAST BURIED UNDERNEATH IT.



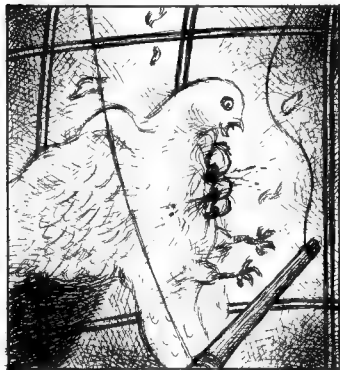
I QUICKLY SHUT THE DRAPES... ...AND WENT BACK TO BED



I PRESSED MY FACE
AGAINST THE MATTRESS
AND GRIT MY TEETH

TRYING TO CRUSH THAT
IMAGE OF THE WHEEL
BARROW

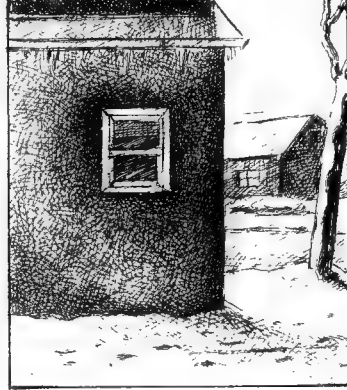
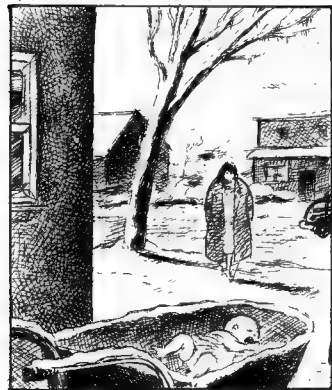
...WHICH I COULD STILL
SEE EVEN THOUGH MY
EYES WERE SHUT.



I DID THIS UNTIL I
BECAME EXHAUSTED
AND OUT OF BREATH.

I COULD ONLY HEAR
A RINGING IN MY
HEAD ...

... WHICH HELPED ME
TO SLEEP.



I WOKE UP IN THE EVENING AND THE WHEELBARROW WAS GONE.



FUNNY THING IS
I COULD STILL
HEAR THE RINGING.

IT WAS LOUD BUT NOT DISTURBING.



IN FACT, THE RINGING
WAS THE ONLY THING
I COULD HEAR CLEARLY.

EVERY OTHER SOUND WAS
MUFFLED. AT FIRST THIS
FRAUGHTENED ME...

BUT THEN I REALIZED
THIS WAS NOT SUCH A
TERRIBLE THING.



I CAN'T HAVE YOU LIVING
WITH ME AND
MY PARENTS.



AND THAT'S
THAT.

I HAVE NO HEART FOR
CONVERSATIONS...

I NEVER FEEL THE NEED
FOR MORE THAN A QUICK
WAVE HELLO OR GOOD-BYE.

EVEN WITH LEAH THERE
WASN'T MUCH TO
TALK ABOUT.



OUR CONVERSATIONS WERE BASED ON OUR TRIPS TO GALLERIES AND MUSEUMS...



... ON PAINTERS AND PAINTINGS WE DREAMT OF MAKING.



OTHERWISE WE COULD EASILY SIT NEXT TO EACH OTHER AND NOT CARE THE OTHER WAS THERE



WE HAD SEX.



BUT IT WAS ONLY OUT OF NECESSITY. THEN SHE BECAME PREGNANT.



SHE SURPRISED ME WITH HER DECISION TO KEEP IT. I WAS AMBIVALENT.



SHE WOUND UP RAISING IT BY HERSELF IN SECLUSION OUT OF AN ABANDONED GARAGE.



UNTIL IT WAS OLD ENOUGH



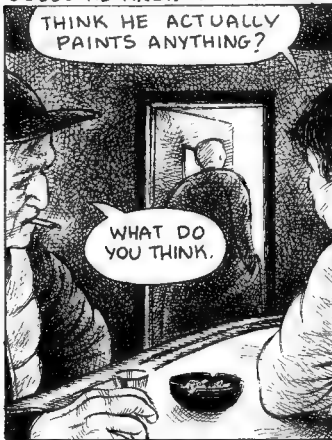
...TO GO OFF ON IT'S OWN.



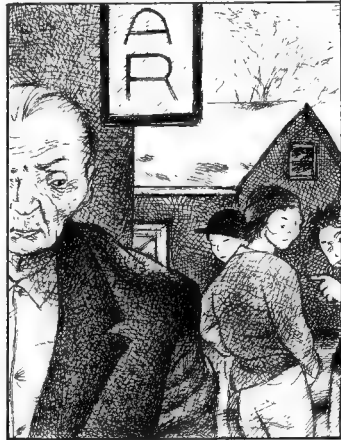
I WOULD SEE HIM ON THE STREET SOMETIMES ...



... AND HE'D JUST STARE. I GUESS HE KNEW WHO I WAS.



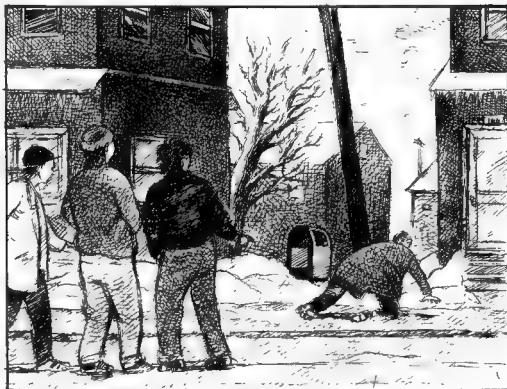
... BUT I'D PRETEND NOT TO KNOW HIM.



THE FIRST TIME I EVER LOOKED HIM IN THE EYE WAS THIS MORNING ...



... WHEN I COLLAPSED IN THE SNOW IN FRONT OF HIM.



I'D FELT A SHARP PAIN IN MY CHEST AND I FELL.



WHAT'S WRONG, OLD MAN? HAVIN' A LITTLE TROUBLE?



IT WAS COLD ... BUT HE WAS SWEATING!



I MANAGED TO STAND UP
AND GET BACK TO MY
APARTMENT.



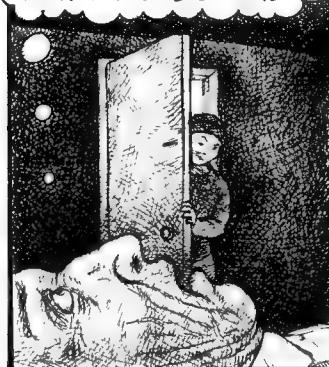
I IMMEDIATELY FELT
ANOTHER BURST IN MY
CHEST.



AND NOW I FEEL COM-
PLETELY NUMB.



EVERY BREATH IS SHORTER
THAN THE ONE BEFORE



WALLET'S A
LITTLE LIGHT
FROM
DRINKIN'



BUT MAYBE YOUR
PAINTINGS ARE
WORTH SOMETHING



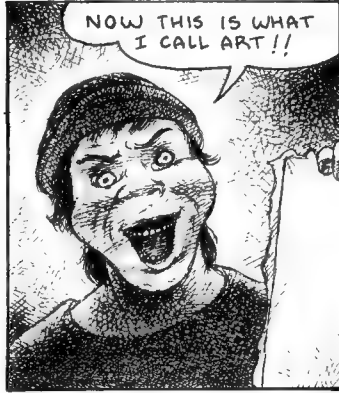
EVERYTHING IS GETTING
DARKER.....



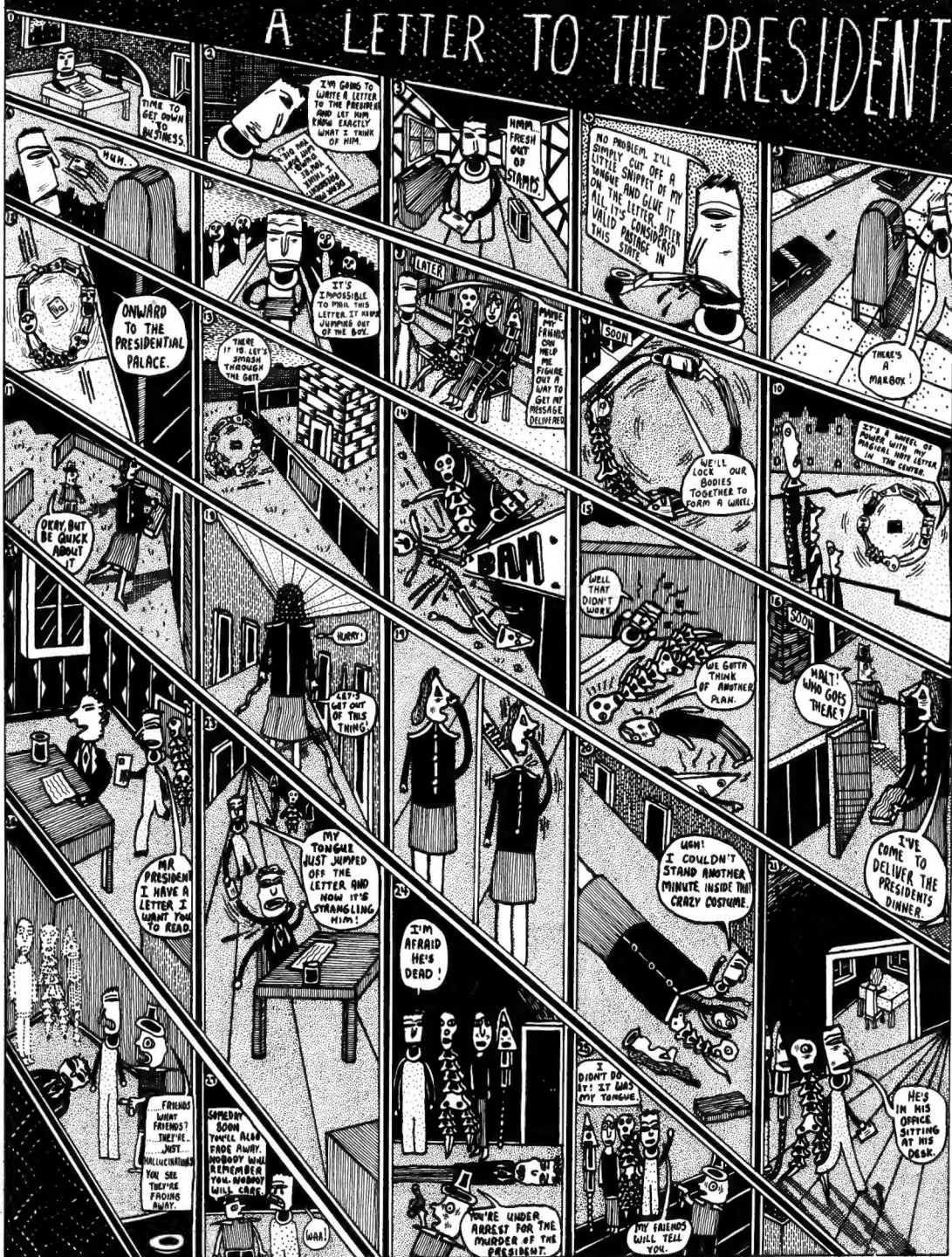
HIS LAUGHTER ECHOED
ENDLESSLY INSIDE ME
LIKE A STONE ...



...RATTLING INSIDE
AN OLD TIN CAN.



A LETTER TO THE PRESIDENT





Like some twisted road atlas *Snake Eyes* provides
a map to a landscape populated by filthy creatures
you hope never to meet but already have. It's
easier not to touch it!
Boing Boing



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Right from the cover this thing grabs you
around the throat and drags you down
to the soulful slithering ink-noir of its pages.

It's *Mad Magazine* on bad acid with
a loaded 45. And an itchy trigger finger.
Your Flesh

